

WORONI

May 5, 1997 • Volume 49 Number 4 • Free

canberra surfers

student gym culture

sexual harassment on campus

unibar



UNLESS STATED "ALL AGES", SHOWS
ARE FOR OVER 18'S AND I.D MUST BE SHOWN

**FRI 02 MAY NANCY VANDAL
+ BUTTNUGGET
+ GOONS HIRED GOONS**

**SAT 03 MAY BLOWHARD
+ BLITZ BABIES
+ FORWARD DEFENCE**

**WED 07 MAY ALL AGES
KORN
TICKETS ON SALE + N.I.L**

**FRI 09 MAY
TRIPLE J UNEARTHED SHOW**

**SAT 10 MAY ALL AGES
ALCHEMIST + SUPERHIEST + BEANFLIPPER
+ SEGRESSION + CRANE NO 6 + GOD PEACE
+ DEHUMAN + DEVIANT PLAN + SEMANTIC + SOMINAL**

**FRI 16 MAY RED ROOM PRODUCTIONS
SUGAR RAY + KEN CLOUD + PHIL K + MIK-E
+ CRISS FRESH + BAD ANDY + FINK**

**SAT 17 MAY PRIVATE FUNCTION
LAW BALL 97**

**WED 21 MAY + THE PORKERS
BEASTS OF BOURBON
TICKETS ON SALE**

**THU 22 MAY ANU STUDENTS FREE ENTRY
JAZZ N JUGS**

**FRI 23 MAY
THROWDOWN**

**SAT 24 MAY
SWIM + OTHERS**

**WED 28 MAY ALL AGES
NO FX
TICKETS ON SALE SOON**

**COMING UP THU 5 JUNE
THE FAUVES**

**PAUL KELLY
TICKETS ON SALE 9/5/97**

ANU Union concertline: 249 2546



CADS/The Company
co-production of
Lysistrata by Aristophanes

Auditions

First session 19th/20th May

Second session 21st/22nd May

Interested people need to sign up for both sessions.

No preparation required.

Please phone Julie McKay

on 257 8799 (h) or 263 2088 (w)

Be part of a Discussion Group looking at
The Celestine Prophecy

by James Redfeld

Introduction Monday 5th May at 6pm
and the 5 following Mondays. At the
Bridge Lounge next to the Chaplains'
Office. Enquiries: Catriona (247 2938) or
Chaplains (249 4246)

AUSTRALIAN CULTURE

[Australian Wot?]

Should a Christian

- a. Oppose it?
- b. Support it?
- c. Talk to it?
- d. Forget it?
- e. None of the above?

To be PART OF THE ANSWER, join a study group in the C
Team Room on the Bridge on Mondays at 1.00 pm, starting
Monday 5 May.

The name of Richard Niebuhr will crop up.
[Richard Who?]

Need a
**place
to live?**

Housing Online

- A list of accommodation from the private rental market, updated weekly by the ANU Housing Referral Service on the World Wide Web (accessible from the ANU Home Page) at <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/accom.html>.
- Lists landlords' properties if they are available to students and one bus ride from ANU.
- Also includes sections for share accommodation wanted and available.

Housing Referral Service

- Acts as a broker to assist students and staff to find private rental accommodation.
- Apply to the service and receive free advice and assistance negotiating with landlords and real estate agents.

Contact Details

Contact the Housing Referral Service by phone on 243 3185 (73 185 internal), fax on 249 0737 (0737 internal), or by email to HRS.Housing@anu.edu.au.

Brought to you by University Accommodation Services



jungle gym

13 Are gym-goers just a bunch of poseurs who look more like the Michelin man on steroids than real people? Self-confessed lycra-wearer NICOLA PARSONS reveals what goes on behind the gym walls.

sex and no zen

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surfin' a.c.t.

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cover: Our beach boys cover features ANU surf team member Jackson Pellow trying desperately to have a little inland fun. Woroni would like to thank the friendly staff at New Parliament House for their co-operation. photo: Nick Shaw

WORONI

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FIRST UP union's been

Monday

5

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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APRIL							JUNE						
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27	28	29	30				29	30					

125

240

May Day (NT)

1997

Calendar

MAY

- 5-9 Holocaust Awareness Week
- 6 Korn & Limp Bizket (all ages) at the ANU bar, 8 pm
- 7-10 *Wait Until Dark* presented by Fenner Hall at the ANU Arts Centre, 8 pm
- 8 National Day of Action to fight for Publicly Funded Education
- 8 Golden Key Honour Society reception at the Great Hall, University House, 6 pm
- 9-13 *Swan Lake* by the Australian Ballet at the Canberra Theatre
- 10 Alchemist and many more bands at ANU bar, 8 pm
- till 13 *Artist's Books*: An exhibition at the Art School Gallery
- 13 Amnesty International talk. Greg Balke from UNHCR - The UN and Human Rights, Manning Clark #6, 7.30 pm
- 13 Ben Elton at the Canberra Theatre
- 16 ITA Graduation Ceremony, 6 pm at Llewellyn Hall
- 16-17 *Quantum Leaps* by the Australian Ballet at the Canberra Theatre
- 17 *Israel in Egypt* by Handel, presented by SCUNA, Llewellyn Hall, 8 pm
- 17 Law Ball in the Karmel Rooms. For Tickets call 2490687
- 17 Blue House performing at Tilleys, 9 pm
- 23-31 *The Winter's Tale* presented by the Bell Shakespeare Company at the Canberra Theatre
- till 25 *Asian Art* at the ANU Drill Hall
- 25 Illapu - the voice of Chile, at Llewellyn Hall
- 29 Telek and friends perform at Tilleys



CELEBRITY PARENTS' search for Jackie Chan's parents has crescendoed to a thrilling finale, with *Woroni* being presented with both an autographed photograph of Jackie Chan (above) and a detailed and lengthy synopsis of Jackie's life and times. We've heard it all: the Hawker College connection (a maths teacher there taught Jackie's sister), Jackie's

celebrity parents

links to the Chinese Opera and his parents' connection to the Chinese embassy. In the best interests of Mr and Mrs Chan, however, we have decided to discontinue our search for their precise location, based on the dramatic information that Jackie doesn't like people knowing where his family are because the Hong Kong Triad has tried to stop him making films in the past.

We hereby declare the search for Jackie's parents closed. Congratulations to our joint winners, Daniel Hadson and Bridget Quayle. Come to the *Woroni* office to organise your tickets to a Uni bar concert of your choice.

Moreover, new information has come to light which makes the search for Jackie's parents well and truly redundant. It has been revealed to the *Woroni* editors that Steve Vizard's parents apparently own and manage a Canberra coffee shop. Although we know that the cafe is located in either Manuka, Kingston, or Civic, we have not discovered its name. We need photographs, business cards, bill receipts, anything cementing the truth behind the rumour. Perhaps Steve has finally found someone who will give him a job. Bring your evidence to the *Woroni* office or call Vizard central on 248 7127.

Total number of male smurfs: 73 Number of fema

What's On In Canberra

AMIDA - THE ASIA MAGAZINE
AMIDA is accelerating towards its second issue for 1997 and is after people of any colour or prejudice to contribute before the 15th of May. Contributions should be of feature length (2500 words), regular (1000 words and under) or for reviews under 300 words. Contact the AMIDA office if you have any queries in the Student's Association, by phone on (06) 257 3073 or by email <amida@coombs.anu.edu.au>.

BOD
On at the Street Theatre till the 10th of May is BOD - Tibet The Land of Mystery Stirs on Stage. Presented by Wildwood, and written by Elaine Acworth, the BOD is inspired by the question "When your beliefs are your life, which do you choose: beliefs or life?". Spanning 30 years the story focuses on the life of a small Tibetan village. The inhabitants



Telek will perform with musicians from My Friend the Chocolate Cake and Not Drowning Waving at Tilleys, May 29

are, the people of Tibet, the people of BOD. Thongme, a child of the village, is destined to become a spiritual leader, his call comes as China comes into 'invasive conflict', once again, with the Tibetan people. The BOD starts of a new season of 'quality, contemporary theatre' at the Street. Directing Acworth's vision is ACT women of the Year 1997; Carol Woodrow, the choreography is by the highly talented Paige Gordon. For tickets call 247 1223.

MASQUERADE BALL
On Saturday night 21 June, a masquerade ball is to be held at Albert Hall on the occasion of the Winter Solstice. This event is being totally driven by a desire to explore a sultry night that dares the participants to unmask themselves by masquerading at the Winter Solstice Masquerade Ball. By masking ourselves we can entertain and allow a perspective of otherness to emerge in an atmosphere where; celebration, music, dance, performance, partying, feasting, and flirting will be allowed to intertwine through our heritage of festivity. The night will convey an organic theme that evokes the spirit of the Winter Solstice; while at the same time creating an environment where individuals have freedom of movement through the creative use of space and time. Ticket Prices are: \$35 concessions & \$40 full price, this price includes food, drinks, entertainment, tea & coffee. Buy your tickets now from



(above) Why not go along to the Asian Art exhibition and then review it for *Amida*?

The Spice Girls

Dignity is a rare thing, particularly in an industry as competitive as that of music. The moving lyrics and harmonious tones of The Spice Girls are such a breath of fresh air, every time I hear them, I feel like I've just put on new underpants. Lines like "So tell me what you want, what you really, really want. I'll tell you what I want, what I really, really want. I wanna huh, I wanna huh, I wanna huh, I wanna huh" are, to me, the essence of fine music. 1997's version of the New Kids on the Block, The Spice Girls are just a bunch of clean-cut young English ladies out to make an honest living. I believe it was Sporty Spice who said "So much has changed since I met the other girls. To think only 2 years ago I was a poor, lonely checkout operator with pasty fat thighs who couldn't sing at all. But now look at me, I'm not poor any more." So true. The Spice Girls are the Power Rangers of the music world, and for that we salute them.

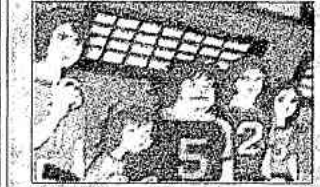


freak of the week

Woroni finally uncovers photographic evidence of some of the amazing contortions of which the ANU student population is capable. Although unwilling to display her face to the university's 6,000 undergraduates, our Freak of the Week, Felicity, was willing to show us her whole fist — inside her mouth. We were even more aghast when she then proceeded to recite the words to REM's "Losing My Religion" — not because she could say it with a whole fist in her mouth, but because she actually knew all of the words. For her freakish efforts, Felicity wins tickets to the uni bar concert of her choice. Come into the *Woroni* office with your abnormalities, deformities and perversions to WIN

WORONI

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thanks to: ANU SPORTS UNION,
 NICK G & MATT R, KAREN HAGEN,
 MATT "CHIEF ANDERSON" TINNING

special thanks to: Matt Darke,
 our ex-office manager who was
 forced to leave *woroni* because of
 uni commitments. We appreciate
 everything he did for us, and he
 will be greatly missed around the
 office

this issue's song lyrics: "LIVIN' ON
 A PRAYER" PERFORMED BY BON JOVI

Woroni is the official publication of the
 Australian National University students
 association

The opinions expressed in *woroni* are
 not necessarily those of the editors,
 students' association, or *woroni* staff

deadline for next issue:
 May 15

emales: 1 Percentage of children who thought this was unusual: 6



(above) Masks will abound at the Masquerade Ball on 21 June

the Fairy Goth Shop/RoadKill
 Boutique in the Sydney Building or
 Smith's Bookshop, Alinga St. For
 more info call 282 1287

HOLOCAUST AWARENESS WEEK

As part of Holocaust Awareness
 week there will be a display in
 Union Court on Wednesday & from
 10 to 2. On Thursday 8 in Manning
 Clarke Centre Theatre 5, there will
 be a short memorial service and a
 screening of *Europa Europa*
 starting at 6.30 pm. Contact Ethan
 on 230 5321 for details.

WAIT UNTIL DARK

Presented by Fenner Hall, *Wait*

until Dark has been described as
 "a first rate shocker". The
 psychological thriller, written by
 Frederick Knott, moves from one
 moment of suspense to another, as
 it builds towards an
 electrifying, breath-stopping
 scene.

An enterprising young
 blind woman
 encounters three con
 men, who have entered
 her apartment in search
 of a heroin-filled doll,
 which has already caused
 the death of one person
 who betrayed them.
 Playing at the ANU Arts

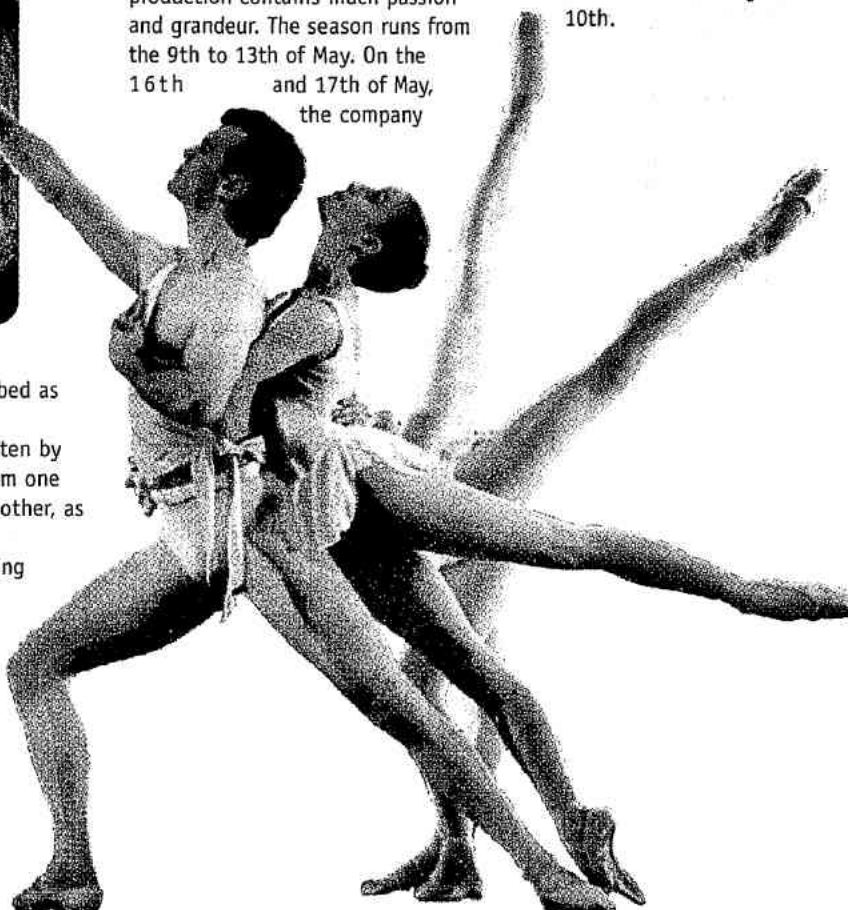
Centre at 8 pm from Wednesday the
 7th till Saturday the 10th. Tickets
 are \$7 for students and \$14 full.
 For more details contact 249 5491.

AUSTRALIAN BALLET

For 5 performances only, the
 classic tale of *Swan Lake* is being
 presented at the Canberra Theatre
 by the Australian Ballet. With
 unforgettable music by
 Tchaikovsky, the Anne Wooliams
 production contains much passion
 and grandeur. The season runs from
 the 9th to 13th of May. On the
 16th and 17th of May,
 the company

returns to presents *Quantum
 Leaps*; a triple bill composed of
 Sinfonietta, Apollo, and In the
 Upper Room.

Quantum Leaps is billed as "works
 from three master choreographers
 which represent different
 interpretations of classical ballet
 in the 20th century". An informal
 discussion with Canberra born
 Artistic Director, Ross Stretton will
 be held on Saturday the
 10th.



(above) The Australian Ballet is currently rehearsing its next production, a
 classical dance version of *Saturday Night Fever*

LETTERS

Gina works the

The Army — good for nothing?

Dear *Woroni*,
Reading "Soldier of Misfortune" in your last issue, I had to ask myself why it is that Australia needs an army at all. Why don't more people question our need for a defence force?

Firstly, have those responsible for pouring money into defence ever looked at Australia on a map of the world? If they had, they should realise that we live in a country which we can't possibly defend. The defence that we do, and on which we spend billions, is useless. Totally useless.

Secondly, why spend billions of dollars each year trying to prevent something that is not going to happen? Despite the anti-Asian propaganda that is fed to young soldiers to bring meaning to their lives, we are more likely to be invaded by aliens than by Indonesia or any other country to our north. I know there is anti-alien insurance available if you look hard enough, but I don't see a lot of people taking it out. Even if there was a 1% risk that Australia could be invaded in the next 100 years (and I doubt it), how can that justify what we spend? We are currently outlaying billions of dollars on a form of insurance which, if we ever have to make a claim, wouldn't be any protection anyway.

Why is the economic calculus abandoned as soon as the Government's razor gangs turn to the Department of Defence? Why is every other area in which the government invests money scrutinized for savings and yet the army is encouraged to be "battle-ready"? Has the world gone mad?

—MATT MICHAELSON

P.S. If we do keep the army, can't we at least use it by invading New Zealand? They need discipline.

Did George Washington marry his sister?

Dear *Woroni*,
Upon reading Jason Richardson's article 'A cultural analysis', which concerned the *Star Wars* phenomenon. I felt compelled to write in. Jason, I don't know where you got the idea that *Star Wars* was the birth place of the snag, because basically it's not! Let me tell you what *Star Wars* is really about. The whole trilogy is an analogy for the American War of Independence. Yes we have all been culturally cringed by George Lucas's special version of United States History. Let me explain.

The Rebels vs the Empire — The

rebels are scattered about the universe. They have different backgrounds, yet a common cause. Most importantly, they all have American accents. They are the Colonials.

The Empire is uniform in its background and appearances (ie, the Storm troopers), is all powerful, and most importantly again, they all speak with an English accent.

As I don't have enough word space to go into a more in depth explanation, I'll simply give you an overview of the characters and the action.

Luke Skywalker — George Washington

Princess Leia — Martha Washington

Han Solo — John Paul Jones

The Emperor — George III

Darth Vader — General Howe

Even the battles of the trilogy resemble the struggles of the revolution. The destruction of the Death Star is equal to the American's invasion into Canada and the July 4 Declaration of Independence. General Howe's defeat of Washington at White Plains was the Empire Striking Back and finally the Return of the Jedi in the British defeat at Saratoga and Yorktown.

So we are all children of the revolution after all. The only catch is it's not such a cultural one — is it Jason.

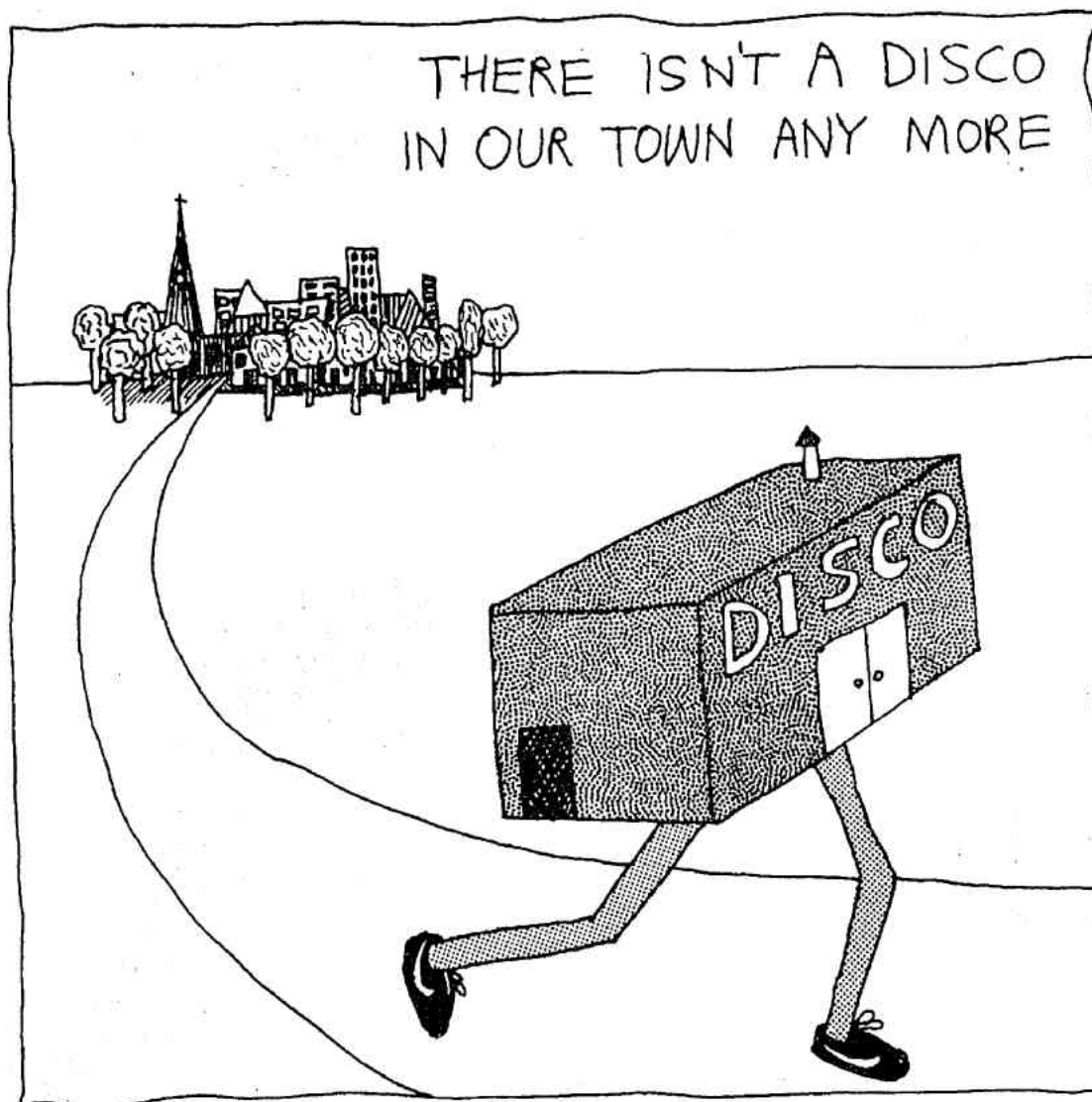
—ANTHONY BATTEN

Nestle needs consumer pressure

Dear *Woroni*,
The ANU Union is again reviewing its boycott of Nestle products, and it is important that our union continues to oppose the unethical marketing practices of the world's largest and dodgiest food multinational.

Nestle supplies free milk formulas such as Lactogen and Cerelac to doctors and health workers in developing countries and promotes use of such formulas in maternity hospitals despite strong evidence that this practice is almost always detrimental to the child's health. This is in violation of the 1981 WHO International Code of Marketing Breastmilk Substitutes. It is easy for Nestle to get around this code because of their immense political power. So the best way to influence Nestle marketing strategies is through consumer pressure.

By encouraging women not to breastfeed, Nestle threatens the health of children all over the world. Medical evidence suggest that breastfeeding is by far preferable to powdered milk substitutes. How-



ever, there are certainly many women who cannot breastfeed their children. In these cases, it is important for these women to have access to safe alternatives, but Nestle's formulas are often nutritionally deficient and dangerous to a child's health if diluted with contaminated water (a common problem in countries where Nestle sells most of its powdered formula). Nestle formulas are also dangerous because they are often used inappropriately, due to insufficient or deliberately misleading information provided by Nestle.

Institutional boycotts are the best way to influence powerful companies like Nestle, which is why the ANU Union must continue to ban the sale of Nestle products from its outlets.

—JEREMY Y'APP

Check your facts Patrick

Dear *Woroni*,
There are two errors in Patrick Mackerras' letter (*Woroni* 49/3). First, as a glance at any recent text on grammar will swiftly prove (try *Longman's Guide to English Usage*, 1988) the use of the word 'firstly' is entirely acceptable. Mr Mackerras may be partially correct (if you regard his point in a very loose sense) as the word firstly has been objected to on the grounds that it is a redundant form of the word 'first' and thus should be avoided. Secondly, the use of the word 'sec-

ondly' is a correct use of English. Personal preference only should dictate whether you use "first" in combination with "secondly... and thirdly", or "first" followed by "second... and third" or even "firstly... secondly... and lastly". If your initial impression is that I am nothing more than a pretentious young thing who should be ignored, let me quote an expert: "There used to be a grammarians' rule that you must not write firstly... It was one of those arbitrary rules whose observance was supposed by a certain class of purist to be a hallmark of correct writing. This rule, unlike many of the sort, had not even logic on its side... I do not think that any contemporary grammarian will mind much whether you say first or firstly." (Sir Ernest Gowers. *The*

Complete Plain Words, p 223-224).

When correcting the errors of others it is prudent to check that it is indeed they, and not you, who are in error.

Goodnight to you, Mr Mackerras.

—KATHRYN JORGENSEN
ENGLISH IV

You be the judge

Dear *Woroni*,
In the opinion of Patrick Mackerras (*Woroni* 49/3) there are no such words as "firstly" and "secondly".

In the unanimous opinion of the Oxford, Webster's, Macquarie, and Chambers dictionaries, there are such words.

You be the judge.

—JOHN DANIEL ENCEL

Write to us.

Here at *Woroni* we want to feel loved, and nothing makes us feel more special than receiving letters from our readers. In fact, we're so desperate for attention that we don't mind if you write to us and totally pay us out. Whip us. Beat us. Call us trash. Just write to us.

You can write to *Woroni* c/- ANU Students' Association or email us on woroni_articles@student.anu.edu.au. Even better is if you put your letter onto a disc (either Mac or PC) and drop it into the office (located in the Students' Association above the Uni bar). Please keep letters under 300 words if you want them to be published.

THE CANBERRA LABOR CLUB ROCKS EVERY THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT



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EVERY THURSDAY,
FRIDAY AND
SATURDAY FROM
9:00PM • MIDNIGHT**



**HAPPY
HOUR**



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SATURDAY EVENINGS
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Compactus of death

by Helen Drew

STUDENTS AND STAFF of the ANU English Department are facing a serious safety threat as a result of changes in the Chifley Building of the ANU library. Over the summer break the Library moved a section of English literature books housed in the Chifley Building to the basement and shelved them on steel compactus. The Head of Lending Services at Chifley, May Priddle, said in February that this was to prevent overcrowding.

One student described for *Woroni* how she was almost crushed between the compactus shelves when someone moved the shelves without realising that she was standing between them. Later, the student could not access the book she wanted to read because the machinery operating the compactus failed and the shelf on which it was housed was inaccessible.

The books which have been housed in the basement are mainly from the literature section of the

collection and include Australian literature and twentieth century literature in English. The rest of the English collection remains on the second floor of the library. The English Department has one of the highest enrolments in the Arts Faculty and the books which have been moved are used constantly by staff and students.

Head of the ANU English Department, Dr David Parker describes the current situation as "unacceptable". He says that the Library did not undertake any consultation with the staff or students of the departments affected before they moved the books.

Dr Parker and Dr Axel Clark (the English Department's representative on the humanities library committee HUMLAC) are concerned for the safety of staff and students browsing in the basement. They are also worried that housing English texts in the basement is having an unfortunate educational impact on stu-

dents. They point out that students cannot always access books because of machinery failure and that, in any case, doing research in a subject such as English requires more than merely extracting a book from a shelf. "Wide reading is important in English, and it is vital that students doing work on a topic feel able to take the time to browse among all the books on that topic. The compactus set-up in the basement makes such browsing almost impossible," said Dr Parker. "People feel endangered standing between the shelves" said Dr Clark, "the basement has insufficient lighting to assist browsing and there is nowhere for students to sit and read".

In response to staff and student comments, Dr Parker and Dr Clark have written to the library but have not been satisfied with the response, which fails to explain why such a high-use section of the Chifley collection should be relegated to the basement.



CARTOON BY MANDY ORD



(above) B&G runner Anthony Bettanin checks his maps before running into the night

Inward bound

ANU STUDENTS WERE dropped as far afield as Kosciusko National park in this year's Inward Bound, which took place on the 11th and 12th of April. Inward Bound is a navigational sport run between by the ANU Halls and Colleges of residence.

Teams of four are taken out to a point in the middle of the night and must then work out their location and run to an endpoint. There are seven different levels of competition, with the most difficult course being division one.

John XXIII College won the event this year, Fenner Hall came second and Burton and Garran Hall third.

Sports representative at B&G Ian McIntosh, who ran in division four, said that the terrain which the teams had to cover this year was extremely mountainous. He said that whilst most teams arrived back at the endpoint at Honeysuckle Tracking station by nightfall, a few had to camp overnight because the team just couldn't go any further. These

teams arrived at the endpoint the next day. Ian said that the welcome by everyone waiting at the endpoint was a highlight.

However, there were concerns expressed by those competing in the event about the time taken to deliver teams to the drop off points. Whilst it is traditional to drive extra distance to disorient runners, some divisions were driven around for up to seven hours before they reached the drop off point.

Ian McIntosh described the cramped seven hour journey with a paper bag over his head as a terrible experience. He also expressed concern for the safety of the drivers of the vehicles, who had a further two hour late night drive back home after the seven hour journey. One of the drivers in the event had a slight accident and two people were left stranded in Kosciusko National park for the night after their car broke down.

—HELEN DREW

West submissions close

SUBMISSIONS TO THE Review of Higher Education Financing and Policy closed on April 24. The Review Committee, headed by Mr Roderick West, will now consult on initial submissions and is due to release a discussion paper later in the year.

The ANU Law Students' Society was responsible for compiling the submission of the Australasian Law Students' Association (ALSA) to the Review Committee.

The ALSA submission addressed many issues of access and equity relevant to students in general and the wider community.

ALSA commented on the introduction of differential HECS, the capacity for universities to charge up front fees for Australian undergraduate students and the imposition of up front fees on postgraduate courses which are required for admission into a profession, such as the Legal Workshop. The submission focussed on these issues as they particularly relate to law students and the legal profession.

Also discussed was the placement of law in band 3 of the differential HECS scheme — law students are required to pay 80.5% of their course costs while medical students, in the same band of HECS, are only required to pay 30.4%. Medical courses are funded at the highest level under the Relative Funding Model while law is under funded at the lowest level.

All submissions received by the Review Committee can be found on their web site at <http://www.deetya.gov.au/divisions/hed/hereview/>

—GERALDINE CHIN

No independence day

RECENT CHANGES TO the Austudy assessment scheme have left hundreds of ANU students without financial assistance from the government.

The minimum age requirement for independent Austudy was raised from 22 to 25 last October. As a consequence, students under 25 must now undergo means tests with respect to their parents income before they can claim the Austudy allowance. This is irrespective of whether they receive money from their parents.

The change is seen by many as yet another cut to government support of education, making it harder for students to undertake tertiary education.

Anna, a 4th year science/law student is one of the many students appealing against the Department's decision to refuse her Austudy.

Anna turned 22 on the second of January this year. She missed out on qualifying for Independent Austudy by just 48 hours. In her appeal to the Administrative Appeals Tribunal, Anna is arguing that the decision was made without regards to the merits of her case.

Anna says that the age consideration is both arbitrary and irrelevant: "Age discrimination is just as arbitrary as the colour of your skin."

The assessment for Austudy should, she says, look into more important considerations, such as whether a student receives financial support from parents and how long they have been living away from home.

By limiting access to education through financial means, many believe that the government is creat-

ing a system in which only the wealthy will be educated. "The system is crap," said Anna, "keeping poor people in their place."

The options open to Anna are limited. One of these is to receive the dole and finish her degree part time which, she argues, doesn't make economic sense from the government's position: "They could be giving me Austudy for two years which is less than half as much as the dole is for four."

As Anna sees it, the other alternatives open to her are to have a child, which gives couples defacto status and thus entitles them to Austudy, or to get married, which also makes a person eligible for independent Austudy. When asked if she would consider any of these, Anna said marrying would be one possibility.

Other students affected by Austudy changes are those who are under 25 and were receiving independent Austudy at the age of 22 but who are no longer eligible because they deferred full time study last year.

Kate is a political science student who is also appealing the department's decision not to grant her the independent allowance since she deferred her study.

She says the independent age of 25 is ridiculous: "If you have to wait until you're 25 to leave home, you're experiences and opportunities to develop are limited." She suggests a student allowance across the board would be a better way of studying.

—MAGGIE KAUFFMAN



(above) Jason Harper — his first purchase with his new fortune was a pair of sturdy acid-proof Doc Martens

Golden child

JASON HARPER is laughing all the way to the Lab. He has received the first Asia-Pacific Scholar Award at the Golden Key National Honour Society's Australian Conference in Brisbane in February.

Jason is now \$10,000 farther away from needing to eke out an existence as a PhD lab rat and no longer needs to stay late at the Research School of Chemistry to cook 2-minute noodles over a bunsen burner.

Jason was chosen for the post-graduate award on the basis of his excellent scholastic achievement, university and community service, and his commitment to continued education.

Whilst in residence at ANU, Jason was an academic tutor, frequently taking on additional unpaid tutoring, and could also be found playing social volleyball or competitive table tennis.

Jason earned obscenely high marks in BSc (Hons) and took out a University Medal which helped him to clinch the Award.

Studying for a doctorate on the use of enzymes in organic synthesis is not everyone's cup of tea, but there is no doubt that Jason has an outstanding career in physical organic chemistry ahead of him.

Any active member of a Golden Key Chapter who is an undergraduate is eligible to apply for future Awards.

The Awards are distributed annually and amount to a \$US10,000 contribution to the pursuit of any post-graduate degree or qualification at any tertiary institution.

—TOM BARTOS

Fees debate

THE LAW STUDENTS' Society Law Forum on Wednesday 7 May will feature a debate on the introduction of up front fees for Australian students.

The debate, jointly hosted with the ANU Debating Society, will feature campus celebrities such as SA President, Matt Tinning.

This debate is timely — submissions to the West Committee have just closed and the Federal Budget is due on May 12.

All students are welcome to come along to the Law Link Theatre from 1-2pm on 12 May.

Facilities and services exposed

"New speed-hump made me almost bust a gut"

A sudden flurry of activity from the Facilities and Services Section has resulted in a multitude of new 'traffic-calming measures' and parking spaces across the ANU campus. The disruption caused by their construction has raised questions over the necessity of such improvements.

Mr Ron Hendry, Assistant Director of Facilities and Services, acknowledges that the installation of some measures around the university has caused 'inconvenience'. "You do get flurries [of construction] because we're trying to take advantage of breaks. We'd like to do everything while the students are away to minimise the disruption but unfortunately... some projects take longer than planned."

Some students have learned of these changes the hard way. 'Frank' (not his real name), a second-year Arts/Law student, questions the need for such new measures. He also believes new traffic-calming measures should, at least, be conspicuously marked.

"The first thing I knew about one of those new humps was when I was

doing some serious hang-time after hitting it at 70kms an hour," 'Frank' said. "I mean, man, it freaked me out. I didn't see a sign or anything. I almost busted a gut and I think my suspension's screwed". He rejected as "smart-arse" the suggestion that speed-humps are specifically designed to deter people driving at such speeds on campus.

Frank did not want to be named in case he was "targeted" by the Facilities and Services Section. "They're pretty serious shit, man", he explained.

Gary Thomson, the Project Coordinator of these new measures, and Mr Hendry both believe the changes are necessary to improve both the safety and accessibility of the campus. "We're not changing for the sake of change, but are responding to incidents and problems," said Mr Hendry.

Mr Hendry said the new road blocks along Daley Road are designed to give pedestrians more protection: "some motorists saw the bus side-lane as not only a way to avoid the speed-bump, but also as a bit of

a challenge. They'd try to take the bus lane faster and faster... that was negligent to say the least, and very dangerous. As pedestrians were crossing at those points and stepping out onto the bus lane, yahoos would be flooring the accelerator. We were getting almost weekly complaints of near-misses or people being bowled over. Something obviously had to be done about it."

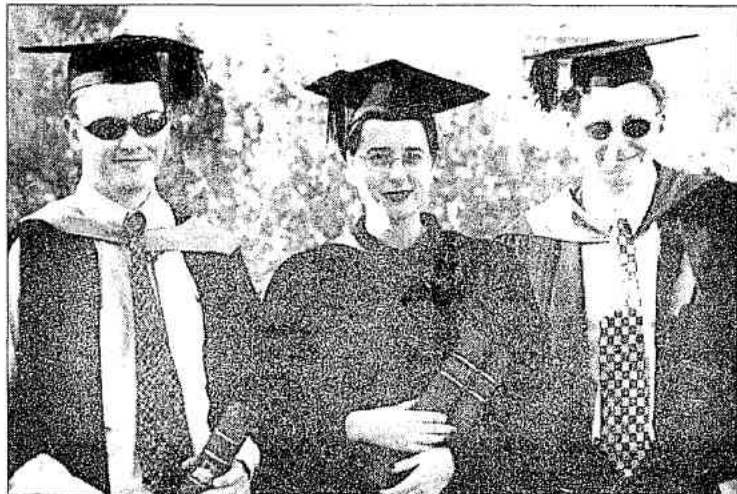
As well as traffic-calming devices, Facilities and Services has just completed construction of 20 new car-parking spaces, built on a disused tennis court near South Oval. Mr Hendry was keen to point out that the funding for these spaces came directly from the fees and fines of ANU car-space users — demonstrating the money raised does materially help people who drive to the ANU.

Facilities and Services determines the necessity of such changes by a process of "consulting of the university community", and by receiving complaints.

—MICHAEL COOK



(above) one of Facilities and Services more mysterious projects — the road closure on Daley road outside B&G



(above) Arts graduates Anthony Coles, Gabbi Sharp and Stephen Free take time out to meet the press

Dressing up and moving on

THE ANU'S AUTUMN Conferring of Degrees was held on the 23 and 24 April in Llewellyn Hall. The degrees were handed out by the Chancellor Professor Peter Baume. Graduates walked up on stage, shook the Chancellor's hand, received their degrees and wandered off again to thundering applause from the Llewellyn Hall crowd.

The Arts Faculty conferring was the biggest ever ANU conferring ceremony, with 374 graduates stepping into the limelight and quickly out

again. *Woroni* caught up with History Honours graduates Anthony Coles, Gabbi Sharp and Stephen Free (who received the University Medal for History) as they were taking a break during the Arts conferring ceremony. They described the two and three quarter hour ceremony as "taxing" and said that the whole graduation experience was somewhat anticlimactic. This year Anthony and Stephen are continuing with their law degrees. Gabbi is also still studying.

SA and Union Board meetings

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL EXERCISE in democracy took place at the ANU Students' Association meeting held on April 15 in the Copland Theatre. Student activists and politicians were out in force, and when the Liberal club demanded a quorum count, the result was a resounding 86 present.

A resolution calling on the ANU Union Board of Directors to support a ban on selling Nestle products in the Union was passed. Also passed was a resolution supporting the imposition of a student strike on the National Day of Action on March the 8th if the University does not give a guarantee by May 6 that it will not impose upfront fees.

Meanwhile, the Union Board has deferred a decision on whether to continue the ban on the sale of Nestle products until a general meeting of all union members is held on May 7 (4pm in the Karmel room — bring your student card). The final decision by the Board of Directors will be made on May 13.

Submissions can also be addressed to the Chair of the Union board and delivered to the union office before May 9.

bits in brief

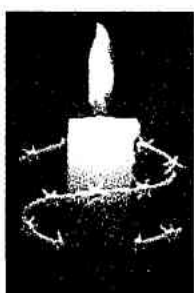
Upfront fees move along
Sydney, Melbourne, and Deakin Universities have all introduced the option of upfront fees for undergraduate students in the last month, and other universities are seriously considering the move. NUS has declared a National Day of Action on May 8 to protest against the introduction of upfront fees. ANU will join this day in the hope of dissuading the ANU from going down the path of course fees for undergraduates.

Sylvia Curley to go
Sylvia Curley House, the former ACT Health Workers residence on Acton Peninsula which has been home to many ANU students is set to be demolished. The Federal government plans to use the Old Royal Canberra Hospital site on Acton Peninsula to build the National Museum of Australia. Funding of the project will not be certain until the Federal Budget is handed down in May, but the ACT government has begun to demolish the buildings. One Canberra community group, CCAA (Canberra Community Action on Acton) is protesting against the demolition — they consider demolishing the existing buildings to be a waste of resources and want them used for community purposes. They have also raised concerns about the environmental impact of demolition and building on Lake Burley Griffin and the old trees on the site. For further information CCAA can be contacted on 2312948

Interior decorating delight
The Clubs and Societies room in the Students' Association has taken on a new lease of life due to recent renovations. As well as being painted a charming combination of pink and blue, the room has been fitted with new chairs, notice boards, and comfy couch. The room is also tidy, which has been a shock for most of those who use it. Come and experience the delights of the new room for yourself.

Making news with *Woroni*
If you or your club are doing something exciting or newsworthy around the ANU, interstate, overseas or intergalactically why not drop by the *Woroni* office in the Students' Association and give us the scoop over the *Canberra Times* — you could become famous.

Woroni



student comment

Charlene Lobo
ANU Amnesty Group

Bougainville's forgotten victims

ALTHOUGH IT'S ONE OF our nearest neighbours, few of us spend time thinking about Papua New Guinea. The recent 'constitutional crisis' over the PNG government's use of foreign mercenaries in operations against the BRA (Bougainville Revolutionary Army) in Bougainville may have been the first many have heard about the conflict on Bougainville Island. Both sides in the conflict have been guilty of human rights violations against the citizens of Bougainville, including indiscriminate and deliberate killings, 'disappearances', torture and rape.

The Papua New Guinea Defence Force (PNGDF) has been engaged in an on-off conflict with armed secessionists (the BRA) on Bougainville for nine years. The conflict started in 1988 when the BRA began a military campaign against the PNG government demanding financial compensation for landowners whose land was occupied by the Panguna Copper Mine, established by the Australian government in 1972. Until its closure in 1989, the mine (jointly owned by the PNG government and Australian mining company CRA)

provided the main source of export revenue for PNG.

Following a declaration of independence by the Bougainville secessionist movement in 1990, the PNG government mounted a number of operations in Bougainville aimed at defeating the BRA and regaining control of the copper mine.

The failure of the ill-equipped PNGDF to quell the rebellion prompted the PNG government to contract foreign mercenaries. The PNGDF soon turned against the deal. The chief of the Defence Forces, Brigadier General Jerry Singirok, called for an official inquiry into possible corruption linked to the Sandline contract, and demanded the resignation of the Prime Minister, Sir Julius Chan. Singirok was immediately sacked and PNG was in a state of tense uncertainty for over a week until Chan resigned pending the results of an inquiry into the Sandline deal.

Unlike a number of other countries in the region, PNG escaped any action by the military against the government. However, the

Bougainville situation is still far from resolved. In recent months, the human rights situation on Bougainville has worsened, with violations being committed by both the PNGDF and the BRA against citizens of Bougainville. One of the worst incidents happened in December 1996, when the PNGDF and Resistance Forces opened fire on sleeping civilians in Mukakuru village, killing 14 people and wounding 11.

Members of the PNGDF responsible for these (and other undocumented) human rights violations have yet to be held accountable for their actions by the PNG government. They have also disregarded repeated requests by Amnesty and other organisations to allow independent human rights monitors onto Bougainville island to assess the situation.

Amnesty has urged all member states of the United Nations to pressure the PNG government to disarm the paramilitary Resistance Force engaged in operations against the BRA on Bougainville, to conduct full impartial investigations

into all human rights violations which have occurred, and to ensure that the perpetrators of these offences are held accountable by the law.

As a provider of military aid to the PNG government, Australia has a responsibility to ensure that the equipment and services it supplies are not being used in an improper manner. There is evidence that Australian-supplied Blackhawk helicopters have been used as gunships to fire upon civilians, and also for the purpose of dumping bodies at sea.

As citizens of a prosperous and peaceful nation such as Australia, it is easy to be oblivious to the difficulties faced by people in countries such as PNG. Raising awareness of these issues is the first step towards making a difference. Australia has not been doing enough to ensure that the aid we provide PNG is used in accordance with international standards of human rights. We need to pressure our MPs to make sure that Australia plays a constructive rather than a negative role in resolving the Bougainville situation.

on campus

The quirky questions that *Woroni* just couldn't stop itself from asking students this week were (a) whether Australian cricket captain Mark Taylor should get the boot and (b) if they supported a ban on Nestlé products by the ANU union



(a) Yes, because he talks too fast
(b) Yes — but if they make minties can we make an exception for them?

—JOHN (LAW)



(a) He's been captain for a while — he's just in a slump so we should be loyal to him, but if there is someone better, then, yes.
(b) Yes, I can understand it except when I want club-mint chocolate.

—THERESE (FORESTRY)



(a) Yes — he's been a good captain, but he's not performing and he's not coming out of it
(b) I'd need to know more information, and to see whether there have been any changes in Nestlé's policy.

—JOHN (SCIENCE)



(a) Maybe, I don't really care to be honest
(b) Yes — I don't agree with what Nestlé are doing.

—FRANCES (SCIENCE/LAW)

holocaust awareness week

Lessons of the holocaust

HOW CAN A STUDENT at the ANU comprehend the life of a student during the Holocaust?

Locked out of university. Often no parents or family, no support, no love. A life with no choice, no freedom. Fearful of what is around the corner, be it a person or event. Misery, cold, hardship, starvation, forced labour, brutality, hurt. A life so close to death.

The similarities between me and that scared youth of the holocaust are few and far between. But the lessons I can learn are immense.

After all, have I not encountered racism at university? Have I not read about atrocities occurring in other countries? Is there not anti-Semitism in this world? Could the Holocaust happen again? Could I do anything to prevent it? The answer to all these questions: Yes.

But there's another question that

must be asked: Why should I? Me, with my easy life and my free world. Why should I? Because it could so easily happen again.

The holocaust has defined our world as much as it defined the world of those who lived its horrors. It has shown us what human beings are unfortunately, capable of.

We students are the next generation. It is not good enough to relegate what happened to a tragedy of the past generation, because if we do not remember, it could all too easily become a tragedy of the future as well. It is up to all of us, not just those who suffered through it, to remember what happened, to mourn those who died and to ensure that it never happens again. It is up to all of us. It is up to you.

—FIONA GRINWALD
AUJS NATIONAL PRESIDENT

Feeling bored?

NUS National Days of Action can be sexy, fun and life-affirming.

Do your bit to oppose fees at ANU on Thursday May 8.

sexuality department

Farewell

ONE OF THE many unique things about the ANU has been the Campus HIV/AIDS Worker. The position of Campus HIV/AIDS Worker was extinguished on Wednesday, April 30. The position was cut due to a lack of funding.

The Students' Association has supported the Campus HIV/AIDS Worker for several years. The President, Matthew Tinning expressed his regrets to me of the demise of the position and wishes Stephen well in the future.

ANU was not the only institution to benefit from Stephen Lawton and his predecessors' work. Also losing this asset are the students of the University of Canberra and the three campuses of the Canberra Institute of Technology.

In a final meeting of service providers from all three institutions, Stephen distributed information and some guidance to those of us who will have to fill in the gaps. Future enquiries may be directed to the AIDS Action Council on 257 2855, the ANU Health Service on 3598/4098 or the Sexuality Department on (279) 8514.

The ANU Sexuality Department would like to thank Stephen Lawton for his dedication and creativity over the last two years. We wish you good fortune in the future.

—MARK-LEON THORNE

**political
corner**

**Banking on it—
the Wallis report**

SO, BEEN TO the bank lately? If you are like most students, you've gone to the hole in the wall and hoped money would appear. The Government has certainly had banks on its mind with the release of the Wallis inquiry into financial services... Inquiry? Huh? Just the eleventh major review of banks in the past seven years — you would think after a couple they might have finally got it right. Of course not, unless you happen to be a bank, rather than a customer.

So what does review Mk II say? One of the major recommendations is that banks and other financial institutions should be allowed free reign on fees and charges. What does this mean? Colonial State Bank, just days after the release of the inquiry's findings, raised its fees by up to 50%, canned any free transactions and now slugs you with at least a fifty cent charge on every withdrawal! It can only be a matter

"You have two choices, pay the extra fees, or don't have an account and get nothing"

of time before the rest follow in this shiny, new deregulated world

According to Wallis, account keeping fees only recover around 20% of costs. The next, obvious step for banks is to charge the full cost of operating your account. For example, on a typical 'low cost' account with limited transactions you pay three dollars a month — unless you happen to have at least \$300 sitting in the account all the time.

Under the Wallis recommendation the bank now charges you the true cost of the account — around \$15 a month. Fifteen dollars a month for a service that is a basic citizenship right. More importantly though, nearly all of us have to have an account, for receiving pay or Austudy. You have two choices, pay the extra fees, or don't have an account and get nothing.

If more fees weren't bad enough, have one guess at how the sector will be regulated — of course, the catch cry of the nineties... Competition! The current consumer watchdog is to have its teeth pulled so that the industry can regulate itself. Just like the meat industry — banking salmonella anyone? While the great competition panacea is administered, Wallis also recommended that big bank mergers and foreign take overs be allowed. Do we see a contradiction here?

Like the Government's Higher Education policy, the Wallis recommendations could result in higher fees and banks being allowed to do what they want... kind of like the VCs at Sydney and Melbourne Unis. The government must step in and ensure the system is fair and equitable for all consumers.

—JAMES CONNOR
DEMOCRATS STUDENTS CLUB

AT 771 PAGES long and weighing at least one kg, the Democrats can't have much of a life if they get off on reading this sort of thing... The Wallis report examines the impact of financial, deregulation on the Australian financial system, it recommends that we should open up the Australian finance sector to increased competition and have a more focussed regulatory framework. The implications of this report are long term — the effects will reach us in perhaps five years time, so anything the left may say about the immediate effects of this report on students is pure scare mongering, concocted from a position of ignorance.

Basically, if the government chooses to accept the recommendations of the report it will mean that banks would face increased competition from other institutions such as insurance companies, friendly societies and superannuation funds.

"We will have more options available to us and can shop around for the best deal"

We all know that banks can be real bastards (just ask the farmers) but this level of increased competition will mean they have to become more service-oriented, because we will have more options available to us and can shop around for the best deal. Banks will also be held more accountable, in contrast to the days of Labor Government when they were able to hide obscenely large profits and screw us over. When the home-loan market was opened up, and Aussie Home Loans and RAMS entered the market, pressure on the banks meant that interest rates fell across the board. Commonsense tells us that this is also what will also happen with bank fees and charges. If the Democrats had their way and there were no bank fees, mortgage rates would rise to the absurd levels of the eighties, when Australians were paying eighteen percent. Due to increased competition in the past decade these rates have been halved. We will be the ones to benefit from further deregulation of the financial market, because by the time the effects of the report reach us, many of us will benefit from the lower interest rates and the greater choice of service-providers available.

The report has also highlighted inefficiencies in the Australian banking system. The future of banking does not lie in the present branch structure, but in electronic and other more efficient forms of funds transfer. This report opens the way for the industry to utilise these alternatives, thus saving money and again resulting in lower fees for us.

Hooray!

—HEIDI ZWAR
ANU LIBERAL CLUB

Students Association

**president's
report**

*matt tinning
sa president*

**Are fees
the bees knees?**

WHAT THE FEDERAL government's initiative to allow universities to charge full up-front undergraduate fees has lacked in vision, integrity, and commitment to equity, it has at least partly made up for through the sheer grit and determination of arguments employed in its defence. Senator Vanstone's vigorous advocacy of fees has not only succeeded in cloaking full up-front fees with a certain intellectual legitimacy, but on occasions has gone some way towards capturing the moral high ground. So much so that the traditional student response of chanting "no fees no way" probably now more than ever requires some supplementation; and indeed the reasons why student organisations maintain their unwavering opposition to the introduction of fees deserve some reflection.

Senator Vanstone's ability to defend the seemingly indefensible has two main supports. The first is that the legislation which passed the Senate in December last year was amended so as to impose a limit upon the number of full fee-paying undergraduates who can be enrolled in any one course. This limit, which stands at 25 percent of HECS places, has enabled the Minister to dismiss fears that her initiative will open the flood-gates to full user-pays as scare mongering. The second is that she quite legitimately points to the inconsistencies in the previous Labor government's approach of subjecting every student in higher education to up-front fees with the exception of domestic undergraduate students. Labor, Senator Vanstone points out, quite happily imposed fees upon international and post-graduate students. Why are undergraduates (like Telstra) so different? Labor's legacy in higher education (as in many other areas) has enabled the government to now quite easily talk of a new consistent, less hypocritical approach.

However, while all this may make the Public Relations job on fees a little easier for the government, it does nothing to allay the legitimate fears that students and, so public opinion polls tell us, the wider community, have about their introduction. The most obvious danger fees carry with them is their impact upon the number and quality of publicly-funded places made available. These concerns include, but are not limited to, the following:

- While the legislation sets a 25 percent limit on fee-paying places, nothing prevents the erosion of HECS places. The number of projected HECS places has been reduced by 2,510 over the next three years, and operating grant reductions of 5 percent suggest that such reductions will have to be extended.
- Common sense dictates that HECS places will have to go in professional courses such as dentistry and pharmacy. These professions could not sustain a 25 percent increase in graduate numbers without serious ramifications - inevitably the HECS intake must fall.
- A leaked options paper from Monash University reveals that they are considering intentionally under-enrolling HECS students in certain courses so as to create a demand for fee-payers. No doubt that will be welcome news for "Howard's Battlers".
- The quality of courses will be likely to suffer as lecturers will aim to accommodate those who failed to achieve the requisite TER, but are nonetheless the ones who are doing the most to pay their salaries.
- As universities such as Sydney and Melbourne embrace full fees, they will have an enormous financial incentive to press the government to raise the 25 percent quota. In fact Professor Alan Gilbert, Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University, has already dismissed the limit as unworkable in some circumstances, and called for its review — before it has even come into operation! A government facing the perennial budget crisis would find such calls difficult to resist. In the same way as HECS, once in place, was easily increased by up to 125 percent last year, the 25 percent limit will be easily lifted.

All this brings with it the obvious costs which accompany the erosion of access to higher education. The pool of potential students is eroded leading to a corresponding reduction in quality; and class divisions are perpetuated, with equality of opportunity diminished.

However, any fee-paying system, even if such "slippery slope" arguments are ignored, has societal impacts. Graduates will emerge with a "you owe me" mentality, if not a considerable debt, which will usually lead to their qualifications being employed entirely for self rather than society. Few law students will feel comfortable shouldering a \$40,000 debt while offering their services to legal aid. Whether all this has been considered and dismissed by the Minister, or whether the bottom line is the only element of higher education she has taken the time to focus on, would be interesting to know. At the ANU fees are being considered at the retreats of Deans and Directors being held during May. I am hopeful that the ANU will choose not to embrace fees with the enthusiasm of other "sandstone" universities. In any event I'm sure they could do with some persuasion, and Thursday, 8th May is your best opportunity to be part of it. This is your big chance to re-live your school-wagging days, to skip class, and to join the fight against fees in conjunction with free food and entertainment at 1pm on the Chifley Library lawns. Rumour has it that Amanda Vanstone may even take the opportunity to rub shoulders with her constituency.

PS I encourage everyone to support the retention of the current Nestle ban at the Union General Meeting this week

PPS Thanks to the Woroni '95 people for the catchy title!

reports

Woroni

debate

Nestlé, the union and you

Ever wondered why you can't buy Minties at the Union? Union Board Directors PATRICK MACKERRAS and CRAIG SIMONETTO go head to head as they discuss the ethics surrounding the ANU Union's ban on Nestle products.

I went to South Africa last summer, spending two weeks visiting primary health care clinics in KanGwane, a former homeland. It was not a healthy place. 30% of people in KanGwane are HIV positive, almost double the figure 12 months ago. There is very little provision for palliative care, which is fine for the time being, as people have not yet begun to die in huge numbers. But they will, and the health care workers know it. Cases of rape (about 15 a month) and assault (about 400 a month) flood into the emergency department of a local hospital, as do young people who have committed parasuicide by dousing themselves with paraffin and setting themselves alight.

Yet there have been some public health successes. After campaigns encouraging breastfeeding, it is now unusual for mothers to be using formula milk. And thankfully so. The survival rate for non-breastfed babies in KanGwane is about 50%. These babies do not develop the natural immunity that comes from breastfeeding, and they are often malnourished because mothers have to water down the formula to save money for the rest of the family. I learned all this first hand as I watched GPs treat sick babies brought into the clinics.

And in these same clinics I saw Nestlé posters proclaiming that "Breastfeeding is best". Yet throughout Africa, Nestlé provides free formula milk samples to mothers so they can't breastfeed any more and have to rely on expensive Nestlé substitutes.

This is why I think it's fantastic that, since 1993, the ANU Union has refused to support Nestlé financially by selling its products. But now the issue is to be reconsidered at this month's Board meeting.

My opponents on the Board like to press a button labelled "political", so that images of Wadgate and student politics can well up in our minds and convince us that we should back off from the Nestlé ban. "The Union has no role in political crusades" they say. Next to the political button is the economic button. "The Union's bottom line is suffering" they say.

The issue is neither political nor economic. It is ethical, and ethics should be the concern of any student union.

There are lots of ways the Union could make more money. We could bring in coin-operated toilets. We could encourage clubs to seek tobacco sponsorship, knowing that this would increase our cigarette sales. But these things we don't do precisely because they are unacceptable ways of making money. These are not political decisions, they are ethical ones.

I fail to see, therefore, why we cannot make an ethical decision not to support Nestlé financially.

The union does not need to sell Nestlé — it is in sound financial shape as it is. And I resent being told that I am "neglecting my fiduciary duties" unless I approve every money-making proposal that comes before me.

A second pair of arguments raised by my opponents is a real doozy. They argue that the ban is ineffective because people still buy Nestlé at the Supermarket (which the Union leases out), but they also claim that people's rights are being trampled on because they can't buy Minties or whatever. If there is such a thing as a "right to buy Minties" then people can exercise that right at the Supermarket. And if there is a "right to buy Minties from wherever I want" then I think we're at the stage where this kind of right is outweighed by the plight of mothers and babies in Africa.

And contrary to such claims, the ban is effective. In 1993 we joined an international campaign in which many organisations, including churches and student unions, refused to stock Nestlé and hence sent a powerful message which it was impossible for Nestlé to misrepresent: "we think your behaviour is disgraceful and you will lose profit from us until you change your ways". Nestlé's "Breastfeeding is best" posters in South African clinics, clearly designed to fool us into thinking that they have cleaned up their act, show that they care what we think.

Yet I admit the ban could be more effective. It's a pity that people are unaware of the ban and hence buy Nestlé products from the Supermarket. But this is not an argument for dumping the ban; it is an argument for publicising the reasons for our stand so that people can decide whether to buy Nestlé elsewhere. At our next meeting I will be moving that the Union undertake such publicity.

The Nestlé ban is not the preserve of greenie activists or hyperactive student politicians. The ban is an ethical stand which all students should feel free to support. When in South Africa I felt glad that, for the most part, students have done so. Last year a student wrote to the Board, referring to a similar ban at Melbourne Uni. "I am often quite cynical about people's selfishness. The level of concern from students once this issue is explained to them is one of the major things which restores my faith in human altruism. I urge you not to damage that faith".

—PATRICK MACKERRAS
ANU UNION BOARD

Need to be convinced that something is very wrong with our student politicians?

Then consider this...

"I think (the Union Board) should follow the advice of a loud minority rather than an apathetic majority." So said former ANU Union Chairman Cameron Bray in the *ANU Reporter* three years ago, when discussing the ban on the sale of Nestlé products in the ANU Union.

Pretty atrocious eh?

The ban means you can't buy items as common as Kit Kats, Butter Menthols, Snakes or Smarties at Union outlets. You can, however, thanks to the ineptitude of the lunatics who imposed this ban four years ago, buy those same items in the Acton Supermarket, in the same complex!

This might be just a case of student politics gone mad; and an opportunity for a quiet chuckle, if it were not for the fact that the ban threatens to kiss goodbye Union funding of clubs and societies, bar facilities and O-Week.

The \$60,000 that the ban costs our Union every year is money that isn't going to fund student activities and it means the University administration look set to discontinue GSF funding (\$300,000 last year) if the Union Board doesn't get itself together on this one, and stop throwing \$60,000 away.

So in terms of straight dollars and cents the Nestlé ban falls flat on its face. "So what?" say the kind of people who buy meatless snags (and a Kit Kat from the Supermarket when they think no one is watching). Well if you are willing to sell out the interests of those who you are meant to represent (i.e. students) then you could at least devise a campaign that achieves something. And on this score the ban chokes again! Score check: Union: -60,000; Nestlé: 2.

You'll have already noted that the ban is nonsensical when the Acton Supermarket sells Nestlé products freely. So Nestlé is not suffering. All that has changed in the four years since the ban was introduced is that the Union and its members (i.e. you and me) have been punished.

More worryingly, Nestlé have

never had their international marketing practices criticised by the World Health Organisation or UNICEF.

Nestlé has never been charged with any breach of any international codes or agreements on the marketing of powdered milk. A handful of ill-informed leftie busybodies have done what not even the UN has attempted!

Placing Nestlé in the company of Coke, Shell, Mitsubishi and Gillette as 'nasty' multinationals persecuting poor kiddies around the globe is an act of the greatest hypocrisy. What a no-brained pantomime! Cue moustached villains in black hats. Cue the violins. So why not ban the sale of all these companies' products from the ANU? Why? Because they'd get their arses well and truly kicked. You show me an exam board without caffeine and I'll show you bodies... and lots of them!

So Nestlé has been singled out without reason. The company is not as big as Shell or Coke but just large enough for publicity seekers to flex their muscles on campus.

So in all senses the ban is a failure. What those on the Union Board who wish to remove the ban are proposing in place of the ban is individual choice.

Those who wish to boycott Nestlé products, for whatever reason, would be free to do so, and free to tell others to follow their lead. Alternative campaigns are entirely feasible.

Why not display signs where Nestlé products are sold making the consumer aware that a certain product is from Nestlé? Individual consciences would then dictate individual actions. This was a suggestion put up a few years ago by the Community Aid Abroad Club but never pursued by the Board.

The question is a simple one really, do we as students want to continue to throw \$60 000 a year down the drain on a futile and hypocritical boycott which the vast majority of students don't support, or do we want our Union Board to make decisions in our interest, beginning with an end to the Nestlé ban? After all, whose Union is it anyway?

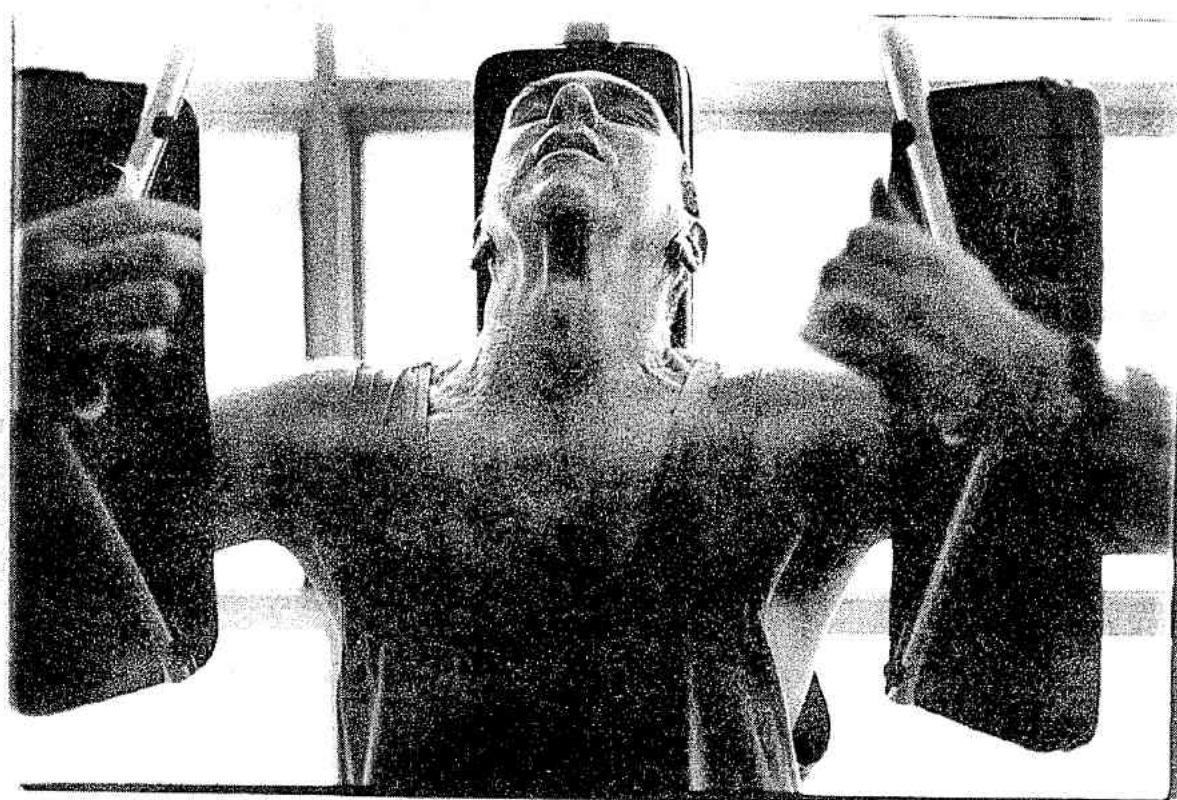
—CRAIG SIMONETTO
ANU UNION BOARD DIRECTOR

Australian National University Democrats Students' Club
presents

political **PARTY**
cocktail **PARTY**

Drinks with Senator Natasha Stott Despoja
Parliament House — 7:30 pm, Monday May 5, 1997

Tickets \$5 members/\$12 others
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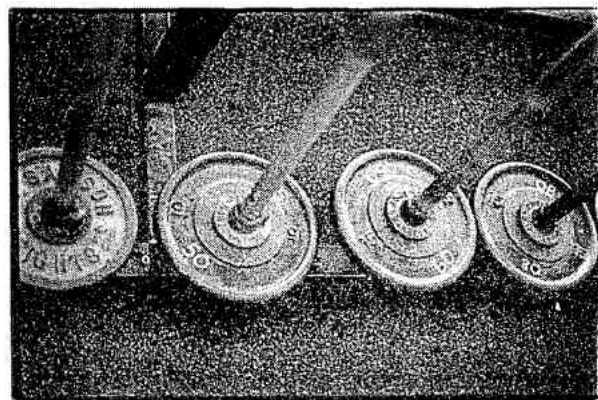
Gym Jungle

Student participation in the cult of body is steadily growing — these days at the gym you're not only likely to see that muscle-bound guy from your Eco lecture, but also the mature-ager from your psych class, the intense, brooding girl from your women's studies tute, and your white haired seventy-two year-old maths lecturer. *Woroni* gym-goer NICOLA PARSONS looks at student gym culture, and in the process tackles the tough issues: health, pain, narcissism, and, of course, lycra. Photos by SUSAN LOY.

Even those of us who spend more time in gyms than we do in our own homes would have to admit that they are bizarre places. The foyer of my own, for example, has the feel of the lobby of a hotel and is manned by the same brand of smiling blonde (who, incidentally, usually comes in both a male and female version). This can almost make you forget the fact that you are not checking in for a relaxing evening with someone you love, but are here to torture yourself amongst total strangers. Take one step further and you're in the main gym where the facade of normality ruptures entirely. Here, you are jostled by men and women clad in skimpy lycra ensembles, or looking more sporty in outfits from recent collections by Adidas or Nike. The music is loud and insistent, and the flirty conversation between male and female as they pause between sets of bicep curls or cross from the treadmill to the stairmaster makes the resemblance to a club uncanny. Discernible in the next room is a different type of music, a soundtrack of rock songs featuring such classics as Dragon's "Don't Go Out in the Rain" and Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger", to which a man yells "One, two; One, two; **Come on!** Go harder! Okay, on the floor and gimme pushups!" with the gusto of a drill sergeant as he conducts his Boxercise class. This — a surreal mix of dance club culture and post-modern military training — is about as far from the more typical student occupations of brooding in the bar with a lit cigarette or discussing Salman Rushdie's latest novel in a cafe as you can get. So why do students flock here and transform themselves into, or merely to mingle amongst, the muscle-bound? And, more importantly, why would that girl in the corner (who I'm positive I recognise from a Women's Studies tute last semester), grunting as she strains to curl 80 pounds with bursting veins, claim she was enjoying herself if I asked her?

Being a student myself, not to mention being particularly fond of brooding, cigarettes, Rushdie and coffee, it seems appropriate to turn to spotlight

first on myself and recount my story of joining a gym. The momentous event occurred at the end of a particularly tortured academic year where I felt I wasn't up to making the ingredients on that back of a packet of Cornflakes intelligible, much less the principles of constitutional law. During this year, I remember feeling my body was insubstantial too — I felt as if I couldn't withstand a strong wind, much less a three hour exam. Sure enough, my exams finished one day and the next I found myself in a gym, contracting myself to a full year of participation. As far as I am concerned, physical strength makes you feel mentally strong as well and you end up feeling as invincible as a Spice Girl. Christine and Stacey, two Arts students who share a house, agree. On the eve of a recent essay deadline, they recall dragging out boxing equipment and sparring in the living room because "If you can kick the shit through a punching bag, you can kick the shit through any essay".



The music is loud and insistent, and the flirty conversation between male and female as they pause between sets of bicep curls or cross from the treadmill to the stairmaster makes the resemblance to a club uncanny.

Contrary to the common-sense thinking of the student on the street, it appears that the skills utilised for a ninety minute, heart-pounding workout are eerily similar to those required for an I-must-write-this-essay-by-dawn marathon. Every aspect of a visit to the gym requires mental strength — from making yourself leave the cosy warmth of your bed in order to fit in a session before your 9am psychology lab, to completing a set of 15 lat pulldowns or 40 minutes on the stairmaster when your body is screaming its capacity only extends as far as 10 reps or 10 minutes. Physically lifting a weight is easy compared to mentally priming yourself to pick it up in the first place.

The experience of most people is that their mind is driving their flesh which somehow becomes other than or separate from them. Matt, a gym regular, says that "It's you, not your body, that calls the shots. I find that I can trick my body into doing things that feel impossible — you say to yourself 'two more reps', knowing full well you expect another eight, and your body does those so you ask for two more and before you know it, you're at



(above) This weight is almost as heavy as *War and Peace*, the *Shorter Oxford Dictionary*, and the *Communist Manifesto*

eight". The guy who runs the Boxercise class at my gym could learn a thing or two from Matt's internal drill sergeant. Justine's experiences are similar: "When I'm at the gym, I'm driving my body. I don't want my body to decide how it's going to look, that decision is mine." This self-discipline and willingness to push oneself beyond the limits of what appears possible seem to be exactly the attributes that a student needs to be armed with in order to write two essays one week and sit three exams the next.

Although student participation in the cult of the body seems yoked to the demands of university life in these ways, an actual gym visit is not experienced as if it were yet another sociology lecture on Marx. Rather, when you're sweating amongst the aerobic bunnies and the Van Damme wannabes, it sure feels like a complete mental release. When you're at the gym, your focus is on the physical — on the pain that sears through your legs and arse as you try to complete your forty minutes on the stairmaster; or concentrating on the way your calf muscles feel ready to burst through the skin as you complete an extra set of calf raises. It empties your mind of uni stresses and gives you some other form of torture to focus upon that isn't the torture of trying to comprehend and then compose an essay entitled: "Mirror Construction in Fellini's *8 1/2*".

Joe Weider, who was a pioneer in the body-building field, says of his early days in the 1950s that "Gyms were few and far between, and anyone entering one was thought of as a narcissistic weirdo". Sometimes it feels like not much has changed and that the tag of narcissism is still firmly attached to those who frequent gyms regularly. Yet it seems to me that this stigma is

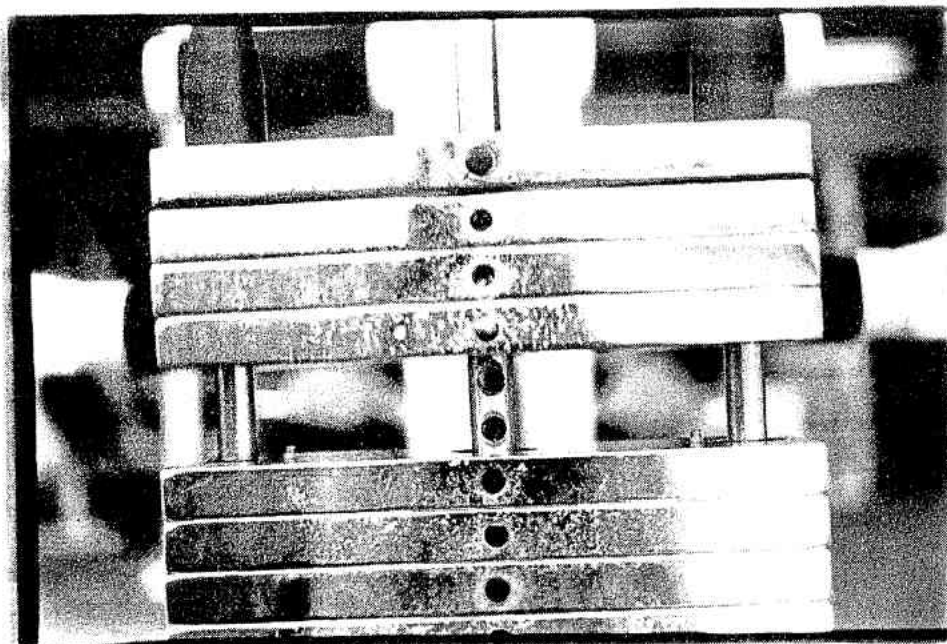
completely unwarranted. Let's start logically. If gym-going men and women were solely motivated by the end result of an Arnold Schwarzenegger/Linda Hamilton physique, then they would participate in gym activity as frequently as most students participate in a tute. Put quite simply, it can be years before the toned and trained body you yearn for emerges from its cocoon of fat. Surely this quickly discourages those who are there solely so they can look

like this the cover model from this month's *Muscle & Fitness*. Yet there are those who visit the gym as frequently as most students visit the bar — what drives them, if it is not the thought of an image in a mirror or on a page?

The motivation for most gym junkies is the way a workout makes them feel. The exact nature of this feeling, however, varies. For some it was the euphoric sense of mastery or control of their body; for others it was the feeling of a challenge conquered with physical and mental strength. Justine, an Arts student, says, "If I'm going to the gym, I'm not being lazy, I'm doing something. This makes the other aspects of my life seem better and more organised. If I'm not going, it's like going around with dirty hair — it's icky and it feels like you're out of control". It seems that not only does the result become a secondary motivation

for most gym regulars but, for some, it is entirely forgotten.

For Sandra, the process so overtook the end product that she recalls the day that she looked in the mirror and saw a different body to the familiar one



This self-discipline and willingness to push oneself beyond the limits of what appears possible seem to be exactly the attributes that a student needs to be armed with in order to write two essays one week and sit three exams the next.



(above) It's not just about looking good — it's about feeling good about looking good

she was used to seeing — “It was a harder, stronger, unfriendly body that I don't remember wanting”. Perhaps, then, no male sets out to bear the uncanny resemblance to doctor's model of muscular structure that title winning body builders do; and no female sets out to be the spitting image of an adolescent boy who takes his football training seriously (which appears to be the inevitable eventual result of weight training on the female physique). They end up this way through becoming lost in the thrill of the process. As Justine put it, “Yes, it's self-absorbed, but it's self-absorbed in a weird way. You're working on your body, but you're not doing it for the way your body will eventually look”. So a gym membership card in someone's wallet should not instantly trigger an alarm screeching ‘Vanity, Vanity, Vanity!’

It doesn't seem possible to contemplate student participation in gyms without pausing to consider exactly what sort of place it is that they enter when they forsake the sanctuary of the changerooms for the infinitely more raucous gym interior. Is there, in other words, such a thing as gym culture? The first thing you notice about a gym population is the lycra — the peculiar uniform of gym goers the world over. Being university educated boys and girls who are familiar with feminist notions of female objectification, this is an anomaly that takes some explaining. Men appear to believe (if the opinion of a male instructor at my gym can be taken as representative) that women wear lycra only to expose their bodies to the admiring gazes of men. But can this really be why the girls who come to the gym between a lecture on semiotics and a seminar on the films of Jean-Luc Godard change into a halter top to do so?

Lycra is undeniably comfortable — much more so than a baggy t-shirt that insinuates its way around your body as you move from one machine to the next, ending up as confining as any straitjacket — but this in itself doesn't explain why so many female students wear something that seems so ideologically unsound. I must confess that I do wear lycra when I visit the gym and, while we're on the subject, admit that I do wear it to expose my body. Yet this display is for myself and not for others, so that I am able to see my muscles in action. Yes this means that others can see my body as well but, strangely enough, this is an added bonus. I am the subject of sceptical looks from men whenever I enter the heavy weights room dressed in normal clothes — it's only when I'm wearing a halter top so that my muscle definition can be seen that these doubting looks cease. Sure, in lycra I'm the subject of other types of looks, but you get those everywhere. It's having my strength underestimated that I find difficult to deal with.

It's much more than just being lycra-clad that sets a gym population apart

from mainstream society. There is a unique language, for instance, that one must become fluent in. Words such as the aerobic zone, lats, deltoids, obliques and triceps fly past the ear with alarming regularity. This language is not just comprised of an intimate knowledge of body mechanics, but also of specialised terms for techniques used to best work and develop the muscle. Serious gym goers speak of supersetting (alternating sets of two exercises with no rest in between); of food supplements such as creatine (promises to increase muscle growth, but the jury is still out); and of what to eat so as to prevent muscle catabolism (breakdown of muscle that occurs when inadequate amounts of protein are consumed). Naturally, not all those who work out acquire the entire gym vocabulary — knowledge of it is proportionate to your dedication to the lifestyle.

Both the level and area of dedication is, interestingly enough, evident through observing how individuals come prepared for the gym. Anyone wearing a leotard or a g-string over bike pants (a la Superman) is bound to be headed for the aerobics room. Another sure sign, if a jacket or jumper throws you off, is the abnormal perkiness which is particularly noticeable as they head for the 6am Step class. Those with an attraction to or affinity with large pieces of metal are instantly recognisable through the tracksuit pants. Guys seem to favour inordinately baggy ones while girls just can't get enough Adidas, and both sexes appear fond of singlets. This outfit is usually accessorised with weightlifting gloves — if not, watch for the calloused hands. The cardio people are hard to pin down as they seem just as happy in tracksuits or lycra. It's only when they are plugged into their particular machine, focusing intently on the television, and their psychic mantra becomes audible (“Must burn fat”) that you can be sure of who you're dealing with. The curiosity among all these types are the perfectly groomed people who try and restrict their activity in order to preserve their foundation. Usually these types are women (although I did once meet a man who fitted this category) and, having read last month's *Cleo* which advised that this is where the men are, they flock to gyms to socialise and flirt.


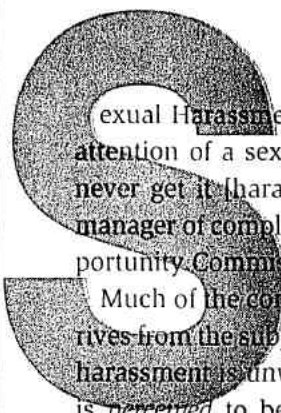
The exaggerated oddities of gym culture and gym people provides much of the surreal atmosphere of the gym, but you gotta love 'em. Some days I would even prefer the company of that guy who runs the Boxercise class to some of my university friends. Students frequent the gym not just to mix with, but to become, these people and they come not just to observe the culture but to become enmeshed by it. In doing so, they are seeking to release the steam that can build up in the university pressure cooker, yet in doing so they find something that is so akin to university life, the two could be soulmates. 



Photo posed by professional model in no way connected with this story

and no zen

The controversy surrounding sexual harassment is due to a clash of cultures: between traditional male and homosexual cultures and most publicly between younger and older feminists. SIOBHAN McDONNELL analyzes the responses of the various groups involved, and at the ANU's own sexual harassment procedures.



Sexual Harassment is "unwelcome and uninvited attention of a sexual nature. If you want it, you'll never get it [harassed]". So says Charlotta Ziems, manager of complaint resolution with the Equal Opportunity Commission in Melbourne.

Much of the confusion surrounding this issue derives from the subjectivity of the definition — sexual harassment is "unwelcome sexual behaviour which is *perceived* to be offensive. Legally the fictitious 'reasonable person' is used as a yardstick, but often the context in which the behaviour took place is more significant. Asking someone out is not necessarily sexual harassment but repeated demands for sex which are not reciprocated certainly is.

The ANU definition of sexual harassment is extremely similar to that of the Commonwealth legislation, where again the emphasis is on a subjective response to the alleged harassment. Yet different people will often respond to the same behaviour in different ways; thus the onus is on the person doing something which may be harassing to gauge the impact of his or her behaviour. While this sounds reasonable, however, it is not always easy.

The vast majority of *recorded* sexual harassment incidents involve men harassing women, therefore these are the terms we will use throughout this article. However, anyone reading this should also be aware that there are incidents of women harassing men, and that same sex harassment is also a serious problem. Arguably, what is not shown by the number of recorded incidents is that it is more socially acceptable for women to report harassment than men (not withstanding the reverse soft-porn harassment in the film *Disclosure*). Many men wouldn't regard sexually explicit behaviour by women as sexual harassment; men are cultured to feel that sex is always welcome and that behaviour that may seem harassing to women will seem acceptable, even desirable to men.

Current legislation

Sexual harassment legislation and procedures are of vital importance. Without sexual harassment legislation women would have no avenue for making the complaints that range from objections to offensive behaviour through to physical and mental abuse. Sexual harassment is a serious problem in the 90s and legislation is needed to help women stress that it is not OK and take action against it. However, there are some valid criticisms of the current legislation, and changes in how it is applied do need to be made.

A major critique of sexual harassment legislation is that it is blanket legislation in which the intent of the harasser is not taken into account. What this means is that the law regards a drunk man in a bar asking for a root and a lecturer asking a student to sleep with him as both committing sexual harassment. While neither of these is acceptable behaviour, many opponents of current sexual harassment legislation argue that there should be a difference in how the law treats these offences. If the legal system can differentiate between murder and manslaughter on the basis of intent then, it is argued, the same can and should be done for harassment.

In a recent article Bettina Arndt talked to Philip Garside, a Melbourne based consultant specialising

in harassment and discrimination who had the following to say: "We have this umbrella term called 'sexual harassment' which is being used to describe everything from planned malicious use of power through to lesser offences, minor complaints which stem from a whole range of different motivations — like wishful thinking, ignorance, ineptitude or what I call 'gender harassment' — 'I do it because that's what blokes do'".

Another major criticism of the legislation is that the failure to educate properly in relation to this issue means that whole groups within the community, particularly men aged 40+, are not being taught to change their behaviour. The incentive for change that is being presented to these men is that they either act properly (without being told what that is) or lose their job and/or possibly end up in court as well.

The male backlash

While the perspective of some women on this issue has changed dramatically over the past 25 years, the male perspective has, primarily through a lack of education, been left a long way behind. A large proportion of the male population still thinks that the way to approach women is to get drunk at a party and sleaze. This kind of behaviour is entrenched and hard to change — mistakes will be made and people hurt.

Thus legislation becomes a band-aid response to what is really a social problem. It is far easier to pass laws (and leave the courts to implement them) than to build a programme for changing social attitudes and to provide much needed funding. Both approaches will, over time, change attitudes and behaviour, but the unfortunate thing is that the current blanket sexual harassment legislation has created a backlash against what is a legitimate problem. Legislation fails to detail what 'crosses the line' in terms of harassment, and possibly cannot — there must be account of the subjective impact. Another criticism of the current situation is that there has been a lack of a *constructive* male voice in the sexual harassment debate; perhaps if this voice had been included there would be a greater emphasis on education as opposed to legislation, quietening what is a destructive male backlash.

This backlash can be seen in the relationships between sexes in the workplace; many older men are now finding that they cannot interact with women in the same way that they do with men. Men are finding that 'normal' relationships, such as words of praise, promotions and friendships are all avenues for confusion and unknowing harassment, and thus resent the changes. Bettina Arndt details the response of a high profile military officer to women in the workplace: "...he's given up acknowledging the presence of women as he walks around his huge organisation. Young men he'll still single out, honour with a word of praise and intimate chat. But the women he avoids. 'I can't afford to be friendly to women,' he says."

What's obvious here is that the man in the example above finds it easier not to deal with women in his workplace rather than figure out a non-harassing way to communicate with them. Unfortunately many men are adopting this tactic and, regardless

In essence, sexual harassment is an abuse of power. It is bullying of a particularly insidious and demeaning kind. If you have a problem with someone's behaviour towards you, do something about it.

The ANU has a three tiered system for dealing with complaints of sexual harassment.

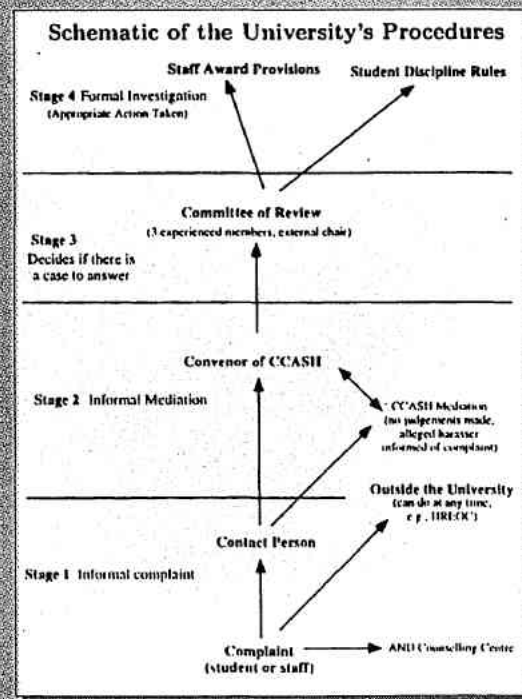
The first stage is the anonymous reporting of an 'incident'. No names are asked for and only the bare details of the incident are recorded, for statistical purposes.

If the behaviour is ongoing, or there is 'an issue' to be resolved the ANU has a well organised mediation process involving the Campus Council on Sexual Harassment. There is no blame attributed to either party. Outcomes may involve a letter of apology, or an agreement to stay away from the complainant.

The third level involves notions of guilt and punishment. Initially the Vice-Chancellor appoints a 'committee of review' to decide if there is a *prima facie* case to be answered. After this it is up to the VC to decide what to do — this may involve the staff award proceedings or the student discipline rules.

The ANU's policies about Sexual Harassment can be found in the 'Green Book' (<http://www.anu.edu.au/secretary/eogreenbook/greenbook.html>) and in a number of files that can be found around campus.

In the first instance ring a contact officer (a list can be found at <http://www.anu.edu.au/secretary/eoc/contactlist.html>) or the sexual harassment line ph. 249 3595. Sexual harassment is a civil offence, cases of assault, sexual assault or rape are criminal matters and should be reported directly to the police. At any stage you are free to take your complaint outside the Uni, to either the police or the Human Rights and Equal Opportunity Commission. Finally, in times of stress, the counselling centre is there for students, free of charge.



behaviour and feminism; between religious beliefs; between hetero and
NIGEL SNOAD look at the debate surrounding sexual harassment, at the
 examine the current position and future directions. Photos by Nigel Snoad.

of the merits of the current sexual harassment legislation, this is something that must be addressed through education and communication on both sides of the gender divide.

Feminist criticism

This backlash also has destructive effects on the relations between the sexes which prevent harassment occurring in the first place, and might explain some criticism, particularly from older feminists. Some older generation feminists, such as Helen Garner in her now infamous book about the Ormond College case, *The First Stone* (where the principal of the Melbourne University residence ended up in court over the harassment of two students), criticise young women's response to incidents of sexual harassment on the grounds that women should learn techniques other than turning to legislation in order to stop the offensive behaviour. Bettina Arndt also argues that "Women do need protection from such men but perhaps a few lessons in the art of kind and gentle rejection would help Mr Wrong behave a little better."

One assumption behind this type of criticism is that younger women don't know how to reject sexual harassment in an informal way and thus the law presents the only solution for young women. A visit

to almost any club in Civic on a Saturday night shows rampant harassment being dealt with (and not being dealt with) by women at every turn. It would be wrong to place the burden of dealing with harassment in an informal way totally on women — there are so many situations where it would be totally ineffective.

Since the public vilification of the women involved in the Ormond College case the negative stigma attached to women who actually make complaints has increased. Referring to the way the Ormond College case had been seized on as a chance to stereotype harassment, Dr Jenna Mead has said: "In this narrative there is no room for the idea, let alone the fact, of a reasonable woman. All women are reduced to young hoydens, their supporters to angry perse-

cutors and the men to misunderstood victims."

Informal action

Making a formal complaint within the legislation is a serious step that many women are either afraid to take, or use only as a last resort. In her book *Generation f* (written as a response to *The First Stone*) Virginia Trioli quotes Di Sisely, Chief Executive of the Equal Opportunity Commission in Victoria: "We get twenty thousand enquiries a year — of those two and a half thousand become complaints. We give them enough information to go away and deal with the situation themselves. Often all they need is the confidence to handle it and the words to be able to express it."

It is clear that most cases are dealt with informally (or not at all). With nine hundred thousand women employed in Victoria and the number of 'misunderstood, bumbling men' out there, there is obviously no lack of women who do deal with minor harassment themselves. Thus most problems that become complaints will be from women who are fed up with a lack of action in their workplace, or simply have no confidence in their own ability to deal with what is happening to them.


Virginia Trioli also states that "What boils over in a case of harassment is a person's frustration and sometimes fury at management's refusal to confront his or her complaints, take them seriously and deal with them openly and sensibly."

The official ANU statistics state that there were 5 reported cases of sexual harassment in 1996. This can hardly be a true reflection of the number of incidents on campus that should be classified as sexual harassment. The official statistics also fail to note the seriousness of the cases. The 900,000 women employed in Victoria generated only 527 formal complaints. Perhaps what is reflected by these statistics is that most cases are obviously being dealt with on a one to one level, or simply not dealt with at all.

What these statistics do show is that sexual harassment legislation and procedures are not being abused by women: in the twelve years since the sexual harassment legislation was first introduced, women have certainly not taken to making complaints in droves. Research shows that more often than not women are more likely to leave the harassing situation than lodge a formal complaint.

Changes that are required

What is needed to alleviate much of the current criticism of the Commonwealth Sexual Harassment legislation is an additional mediation process that would function at a workplace level, for it is here that management is obviously failing to educate and/or deal with harassment before it becomes stressful enough to take to the Equal Opportunity Commission. The ANU sexual harassment procedures use mediation as a first step (if appropriate). The advantage of having such a step is that it provides an alternative to making a formal complaint with legal or academic ramifications. This less formal approach is something missing from workplaces.

Twelve years after the implementation of Commonwealth Sexual Harassment Legislation, sexual harassment is still a problematic issue for Australian society. Whether this can be attributed to a failure within the legislation, a need for mediation or a failure to educate is debateable. One thing remains certain — it will be a long time before sexual harassment becomes a workplace and university myth rather than a reality that impedes equality. 

"A large proportion of the male population still thinks that the way to approach women is to get drunk at a party and sleaze."



posed by professional models. In no way connected with this story.

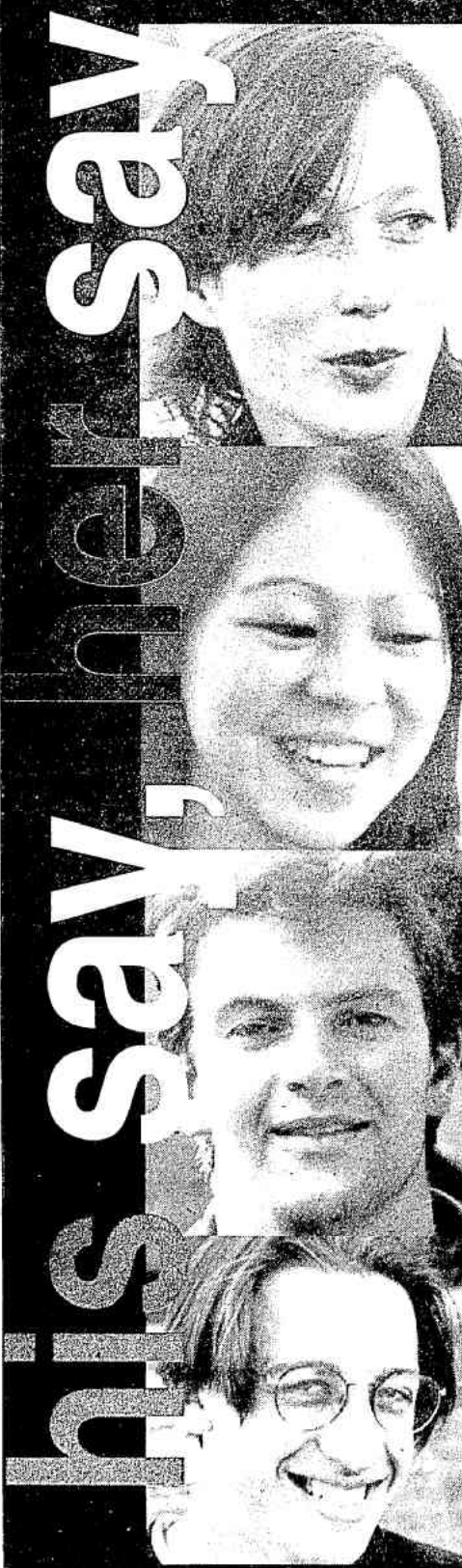
The questions were: (a) "what is sexual harassment" and then (b) either "have you ever sexually harassed anyone" or "have you ever been sexually harassed"

(a) Any unwarranted attention, either physical ... or harassment over the phone. Any kind of conduct that a person, the subject, feels as harassment
(b) Not to an extent that I would consider complaining about it
—SAM, ARTS/LAW

(a) Sexual harassment — isn't that like when someone makes an advance towards you, or says something really dirty, and you don't like it?
(b) Ummm... I guess, but never to the point where I thought it was threatening towards me, I mean there have been some remarks said that I didn't like, but —
—KIRSTEN, ASIAN STUDIES/LAW

(a) I don't know... someone takes unfair advantage over someone else ... especially regarding sexual issues, or gender
(b) Nuh, not in a serious way... as a joke maybe, they knew it was a joke
—TIM, ARTS/LAW

(a) I guess it's putting pressure on someone else in any way, of the opposite sex or harassing them about their appearance, how they act. Basically sexually harassing someone, as in paying them out because they're a chick, or guy, if they're gay or anything making fun of that. If it's an attractive girl and an attractive guy putting pressure on them to go out with you, repeatedly asking them out
(b) Probably
—JAMES, ARTS/SCIENCE



In a land where the sound of desert boot on concrete bus interchange is more common than the crashing of waves, the Canberra surfer feels justifiably isolated. ANU surf team member JACKSON PELLOW takes a look at how local surfers cope with the fact that the biggest waves in the ACT are the ripples made by the tourist ferry on Lake Burley Griffin.

Photos by James Painter and Nick Shaw

SURFIN' A.C.T.

For many years now interstate rivalry over surf rights and wave possession has been fierce between coast surfers and Canberra surfers. It's not surprising, considering that with every public holiday an invading procession of caravan towing, boogie board bearing Canberrans descends upon the South Coast like Beverly Hillbillies auditioning for a role on *Baywatch*.

The problem arises when ACT residents coin the phrase: "These holidays I'm determined to learn how to surf and nothing's going to stop me". In doing so, Canberrans are suddenly faced with a biased set of unspoken surf rules that ensure the ocean's natural playground remains exclusively controlled by the local coastal inhabitants. The rules dictate:

1. Those who live closest to the surf have greatest 'ownership' rights over the surf.
2. Those who ride modern stand-up surf boards have automatic right of way over other surf craft such as boogie boards, surf mats, wave skis and

matboards, all of which are the most commonly used items by Canberrans).

3. Those who come from Canberra must accept the insult of being labeled a Yogi. The word Yogi is derived from ACT numberplates that, for some reason, all begin with the letter 'Y'. The name also refers to the fat and undesirable cartoon character Yogi B. Bear.

So if surfing appeals to you for the reason that it is a relaxing recreational escape from the ongoing hostility of the urban rat race, think again. There's a lot of retentive locals to contend with, hot-shot 'shrillers' to compete with, fat 'goat boaters' to stay away from and smart-arsed body boarders to put up with. Just grasping an understanding of the social anthropology of surfing can be a battle within itself, let alone acquiring the balance, coordination and surf knowledge to actually stand up on a plank of foam on the crest of a moving wall of water.

The real battle faced as a Canberra-based surfer,

however, is living roughly two hours drive from the nearest surfable beach. Like most other inland surfers, I've learned to accept that I'm locationally disadvantaged and, as ANU is probably not prepared to open a South Coast campus, things aren't about to change, unless:

1. the council turns Dickson swimming complex into a wave pool.
2. the southern polar ice-caps melt allowing oceanic waves to flood over the Clyde and break onto Canberra's foothills.
3. Amanda Vanstone falls off King's Avenue Bridge causing great tsunamis to race across Lake Burleigh Griffin.

We live in hope.

Assessing the surf

With a good 140km of land separating Canberra-based surfers from the beach it is often difficult for Yogis to assess surf conditions, even on the clearest day. Although I did hear rumours of one





(above and below) Little do people know but on a good day with the right wind conditions any one of the many lakes around Canberra boast very rideable waves.

(above) Wishful surf graffiti



When it comes to surf rivalry, Canberra-based surfers often find themselves outdone by their coastal opposition, who are better boardriders (due to their naturally lower centre of gravity and proximity to rideable waves), better looking (they have the hair thing happening) and considerably less vulnerable to sunburn.

keen-bean who wasted a piggy bank full of 20 cent pieces on the coin-feed telescopes up on Black Mountain Tower in a desperate attempt to see if South Durras had a wave.

Not even Mt Stromlo Observatory has powerful enough equipment to see the beach from the ACT and as a result a lot of time, money, sleep and enthusiasm has been wasted when travelling to the coast on a surf trip only to find the waves are flat or blown-out. However, there is a way around this. The best and most cunning is called 'the little-rich-boy-from-Canberra network plan'. First, get friendly with the owners of a few Batemans Bay surf shops. Introduce yourself and tell them you're from Canberra but come surfing regularly down the coast, then mumble something about wanting to buy a new wetsuit. Buy a cheap block of wax and a couple of stickers then ask for a business card. On your way out mumble something about how your dad is globally expanding his sex-shop chain. By now, the owner will be dreaming dollar signs. Next time you want to find out what the waves are like just ring up the guy at the surf-shop. As a valuable potential

customer it's a sure bet he'll give you an accurate report.

If planning to go for a surf, never, under any circumstances, trust the summer surf reports on Canberra radio. These radio stations pay a south coast local to ring the information through each morning. When the surf is actually pumping the last thing the locals want is 1000 Yogis getting in their way. So unless the south coast reporter wants to experience a slow and painful death the standard report is:

"Well not much happening on the beach today folks. A sloppy 1 foot swell is made even worse by a gusty 45 knot southerly making the waves almost unrideable. I predict a similar situation for at least the next day or two, or until the wind eases. For those looking for something to do the Batemans Bay RSL is having a darts contest. I think it's just about to hail."

The most reliable way to find out what the surf is like is to jet down the coast and find out for yourself. If it's 'not doing its thing' you can always partake in a little flat-day fun. Most surfers, especially those of the Canberra variety, will keep a stash of

dope at hand, usually stuffed inside the end of a hollow roof rack or in the key poach of their legrope. To turn a dud surf day into a mind blowing experience, get stoned, don a mask and go snorkeling. You need not venture into more than a few inches of water before the rhythmic movement of sand on the bottom will have you convinced you've entered another dimension. But for the more adventurous who prefer deeper water, be warned, dark shapes such as seaweed, rocks and the shadow of your own body can bear a frightening resemblance to a hungry shark.

The trip

The most effective way to reduce the disadvantaged element of a locationally disadvantaged surfer is a trip 2 hours east in a car. Travelling by car is, in my opinion, the worst commuting mode ever invented: it's cramped, hot, expensive, polluting, frustrating and dangerous. But even the most agonisingly monotonous drive to the coast can be made bearable with a brief stop at the legendary Braidwood Bakery. It opens well before sunrise and a mix of those

little country-baked delicacies that only members of The Country Party Women's Association have the recipe for will provide enough energy to ensure you need not eat again until the next afternoon. If the car trip is still unbearable I suggest a game of 'roadkill identification' or 'guess what calibre rifle was responsible for the hole in the road sign' When the car meanders around the coast side of the Clyde few real-surfers can contain their excitement as Pooh's corner gets closer. Pooh Bear's corner is a small cave existing on a hair-pin bend on the Clyde Mountain. For years Canberrans have pretended that it is the home of A. A. Milne's character Winnie-the-Pooh, and the belief was given substance when teddy bears, pots of honey and a small wooden sign appeared at the site. Pooh's corner is also the site of many minor car accidents as thrilled coast-goers cast their gaze away from the road and pay their respects to everyone's favourite honey-stealing bear.

It is a long tradition on any surf trip that theories explaining the origins of Pooh's Corner' are exchanged. The following is the best theory to date:

"Remember when the two Japanese submarines invaded Sydney Harbour during the 2nd World War. Well those subs were just a decoy for a more important operation occurring at the same time. A team of highly trained secret service Japanese commandos were sent to Batemans Bay. They entered Batehaven Harbour in the early hours of the morning and off-loaded a portable caving drill, a high-powered canon, rounds of artillery and supplies for two weeks. The plan was to bore through the Clyde mountain to a point just 50 km East of Canberra, load the cannon and blow up Parliament House. ACT seismologists monitoring plate tectonic movement alerted authorities to unnatural vibrations and, fortunately for Australia, the Japanese commandos were discovered at the small cave we now call Pooh's corner. The 70 km tunnel was blocked up with cement, the Japanese were slapped across the knuckles and the entire event was covered up by the Government, until now."

It's unfortunate that the tunnel was filled in because Canberra residents could have benefited from an underground express train to the coast, which would surely beat the hell out of driving. At the same time adding fuel to the already volatile battle over South Coast wave possession as more Canberrans would venture coastward.

Canberra surfers vs. coast locals

Not since the legendary cult surf movie *Mad Wax* (1980s), in which members of opposing surfie gangs take to each other in the water with chainsaws and knives strapped to their boards, have I noted greater surf rivalry than when a crew of Canberra

boardriders paddle out at a 'locals only' break on the south coast. Such breaks seem to be characterised by bizarre and mystical names such as 'Zulu's', 'No-Toes' and, my favourite, 'Bumholes'. Apart from straight out verbal abuse, locals will often employ scare tactics towards the unwelcome, naive Yogi. It's not uncommon for two coasties to casually chat about a 14 foot Tiger Shark they saw munching on a dolphin or the Great White that jumped out of the water narrowly missing an unaware jet skier or the fisherman who was continually winding in half-eaten fish. If you're a surfer from the ACT and you hear this sort of intimidation out in the water don't believe it, it's a rural myth. Sort of like the 'drop bear' story we tell foreign tourists or the girl who was caught smearing dogfood over her naked body ready for hungry tongue-tickling Fido. C'mon guys, sharks don't eat jet skiers, they're way too rubbery.


When it comes to surf rivalry, Canberra-based surfers often find themselves outdone by their

surf champs. As I recall the waves were uncrowded and small, but of better quality than those on Lake Ginninderra. On the beach, a group of locals were putting on their wetsuits, about to interrupt the team's much-needed practice session. As the locals were paddling out, one member from ANU (who has since left) unzipped his wetsuit and defecated in the water. He then caught a wave and with a tight rail-turn sprayed raw sewage all over the competition. The surfers promptly paddled to shore in disgust screeching about the "fucking filthy Yogis". Sure, it was below-the-belt and a little sadistic perhaps, but their shark stories have been scaring Canberra surfers out of the water for centuries.

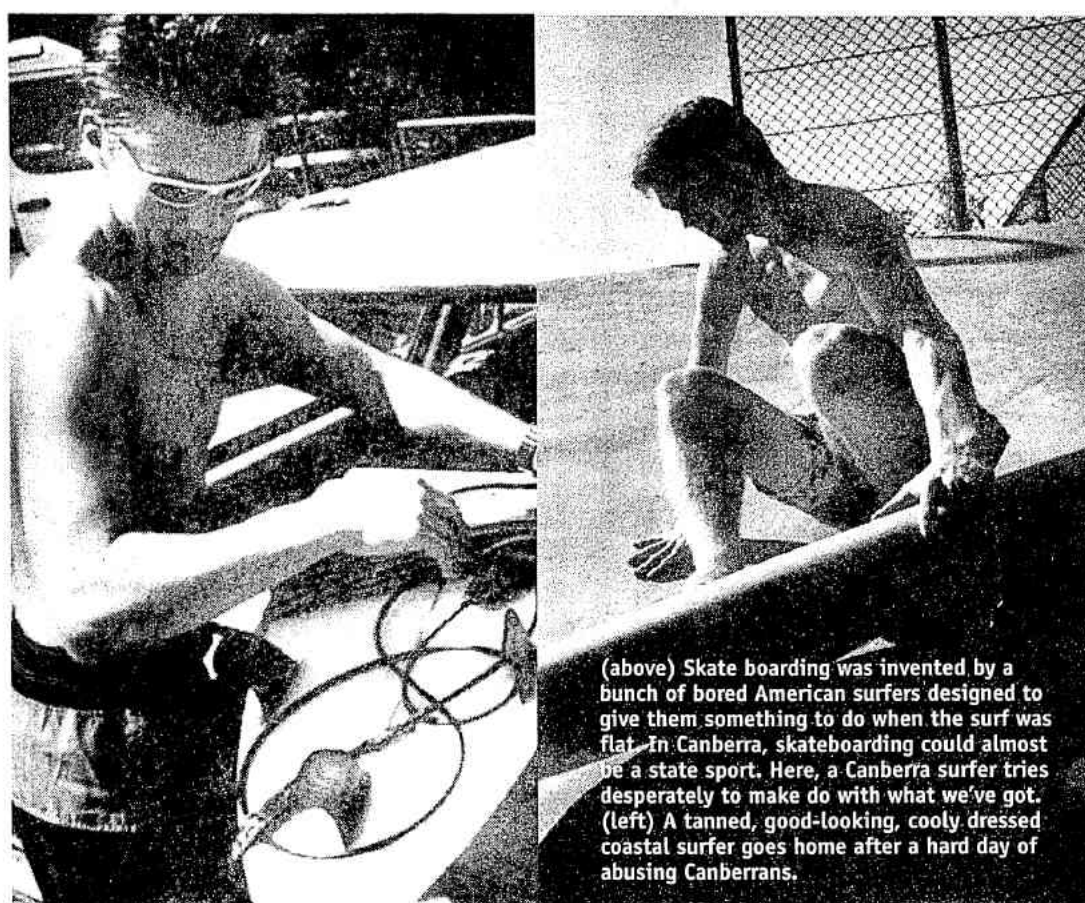
The real price you pay for a day's surfing is the long journey back home to Canberra. As the sun sets I rub my tired salt-encrusted eyes with dry sun burnt arms and experience a sense of disappointment that only Alby Mangles could appreciate, as I realise that my next surf adventure may not be for another 3-4 weeks. My mind becomes anxious as I

consider the film essay that's due in at uni tomorrow and whether my friend from Psychology remembered to sign my name on this mornings tutorial attendance sheet. On the way up, the Clyde's twisting hair pin bends don't seem to have the same rally driving attraction as the petrol gauge drops rapidly and the accelerator bottoms out in second gear. As the guys catch some zeds in the back seat all I long for now is the flashing lights of a driver reviver station and that big evil Nestle sign indicating Free Kit-Kat, Free Coffee. It never comes. Up ahead some graffiti crudely spray painted on the backside of a 'reduce-speed now' sign casts my mind back to surfing. It reads: "Yogis rule the bay!"

I laugh at the writers delusion of grandeur. As Canberra nears yet another icy winter it's good to know Yogis have a sense of humour considering that the battle for South Coast surf rights is likely to be ongoing. It's comforting to see evidence that other surf board riders from the ACT have experienced the same surfing hardships as me; the hours of driving, the verbal abuse, the intimidating shark stories. Perhaps there's even a vague sense of comradeship amongst fellow inland surfers upon realising that we don't really

belong in Canberra and we don't seem to fit in down the coast. 

If anyone wishes to come surfing the unofficial ANU surf team (currently consisting of 3 members) is keen for people to share petrol costs to the Sunshine Coast to contest the Australian Universities Surfing Championships. Surfing skills are not essential but are a help. See Woroni office for details.



Coastal surfer

Matted long blond sun-bleached hair
All over tan
Wears old woollen fishermen's jumpers, boardshorts, reef sandals and straw surf hats
Surfs in a torn and faded wetsuit on his/her favourite worn-out board
Listens to Gangajang, Hoodoo Gurus and Spy Vs Spy whilst driving big old Holden ute
Faces east when talking to you
Talks in feet and inches
Eats fish and chips and drinks Tooheys New
Refers to the point where the ocean meets the sand as the 'beach'

Canberra surfer

Semi-long brown hair, lightened with lemon juice
Pathetic tan with bright white wetsuit marks
Shops at Overboard for bright surf shirts
Surfs in a new wetsuits on a new board. Hence the phrase: All the gear but no idea.
Drives small hatchback with Triple J on stereo
Doesn't understand spiritual significance of east
Talks in the metric system
Eats Schwerma rolls and drinks Carton Cold
Refers to the point where the ocean meets the sand as the 'coast'

coastal opposition, who are often better boardriders (due to their naturally lower centre of gravity and proximity to rideable waves), better looking (they have the hair thing happening) and considerably less vulnerable to sunburn. On one particular occasion, victory was awarded pants down to the Canberra boys. It was mid morning and the ANU surf team (Canberra's equivalent to the Jamaican bobsled team) was out practicing for the Intervarsity

LICK IT UP to make



Our Richard Marx in: **Love's Elusiveness**

...Guest starring
Michael Bolton



As the camera panned down to Richard's Guatemalen-style mansion, noting the Spanish-tiled kitchen, the kidney-shaped swimming pool and gold statue of a naked Gene Simmons (accurate right down to the fruit n' veg), the aforementioned sex god heaved streams of reeking vomit into his throne (or 'toilet' to the layman). Gripping the sides with his pudgy fists, our rock star sobbed.

"Why? boo-hoo. BLEAARRGHH, parp" echoed around the bathroom, the latter noise one of those unavoidable occurrences when one's whole body is gripped with spasm and one's bowels are not up to the job. "BON-BLEAARRGHH-JOVI!!" he screamed, summoning the butler he had kindly renamed. Jon strolled casually up the stairs after helping himself to some of the Jack Daniels left over from the night before, and a quick snort of a substance spilled on the carpet that was bound to be a narcotic. "Coming Elvis," he replied as he had been instructed. "Hold my hair out of the way," Marxie gasped and Jovi obliged, grimacing whilst removing some stray hairs out of Richie's gob. When Marxie had rid his stomach of its foul invaders, he changed his shirt, and after his customary look at his pert buttocks in the bathroom mirror, decided he had better change his strides too.

This was truly the morning after the night before. Richie's hair had lost all its fluff, and was dry and lifeless to boot. His mind swam hazily back to the previous night. It had all started innocently enough. A truckload of Beam, Daniels, Walker and Richie's favourite, Kahlua (cause it tastes like a chocolate milkshake but 'getsya there') had arrived on the dot of eight o'clock. A fair portion of this lot was already consumed by our hero by the time the guests arrived. He welcomed them into his abode, singing 'Hungry Eyes' and waving a bottle dangerously around in time to the 'music'. The girls from Heart requested that Richard put a little music on the stereo. He kindly obliged them with Marx at full volume. The room soon became hazy with smoke and hair, buckles and blue jeans. Richie was having the time of his life.

"I'll show you eternal flame" he said, setting fire to some peroxidized locks after a Bangle turned down his request for sex. Unfortunately, in his drunken stupor he set fire to

his own hair, and had to run screaming out to the swimming pool. Once immersed, he immediately forgot his trauma and used the excuse that his whaleskin pants would be ruined to fling off all his clothes. He was a little perplexed when nobody ran out of the house to join him. "Hey guys! Come skinny-dipping!", he yelled. There was no response from the noisy musician-filled room. His tears were stopped in their tracks, however, by the dimly perceivable figure Richard spied across the patio.

"Have yourselfllllllf... a... merry... little Christmas," a croaky voice crooned. "M-M-M-M-M-M-Michael Bolton!" Marxie yelped and shot drippingly naked across to where the figure was crouched hugging a bottle. "I just gotta make that Christmas album." Bolton muttered, before sighting the shining wet body of our lust-object. "R-R-R-R-R-R-R-Richard Marx!" he similarly uttered. I think you can imagine what happened next.

Afterwards, they lay on the warm paving smoking contentedly, water dripping laboriously from their long tresses. All thoughts of Gene and the girl from the Bangles were expelled from Richard's mind. Even his fling with Jon Bon Jovi no longer excited the pain it had formerly. Richard had found 'the one'. "Well, better get back to the wife and kids" Bolton exclaimed after finishing his durry. The sound of Richard's heart breaking was almost audible. He ran back into the house, stuck his head in the punch bowl and sucked up as much liquid as possible. Copious amounts of alcohol and sex finally took their toll, and Richard collapsed on the floor, naked apart from punch and chlorinated water.

The sheer heartbreaking horror of the night now hit Richard with full force. Luckily, embarrassment was not in Richie's makeup, otherwise he would have at least cringed at the full colour picture on the front of the tabloid he read religiously. "Hmmm... nice cheeks," he commended himself before again collapsing this time in a flurry of tears. Will our lonely rock star ever find true love? Will anybody? What is love, anyway? Why are we here? Who am I? These and many more questions will be answered in future episodes documenting the eventful life of our Richard Marx.

—SARAH HUTCHINGS

What has happened to the people of Australia — an exposé of public transport

While catching the bus one day, which I frequently do because I live two bus rides from anything civilised, I was intrigued by the attention a man behind me was receiving for eating what I thought was a packet of chips. Are commuters such sticklers for the "no food and drink rule", or was there something more dark and evil happening that I was unaware of? Unfortunately, it was the latter. As I slowly turned my head I witnessed a drunken man throwing up, no holds barred, all over the bus. What I thought was the crackling of chips was, in reality, that sound that vomit makes as it slaps on the linoleum floor of the bus. With immense fear for my life, I swiftly jumped two seats forward, and watched as the horror unfolded before my eyes. Firstly, you will be glad to know, that the vomiteur made sure that his sick-covered hands made contact with every pole on the bus before alighting. In his absence we watched with terror as the vomit, that he had so thoughtfully got everywhere, slid up and down the aisle at every intersection. I was then filled with a feeling of immense joy when I realised that I would have to take an obstacle course of vomit when trying to move to the front of the bus whilst it was still in motion.

This is not the only terror that has confronted me while travelling on the public buses. It was a bright and sunny day, filled with the love of mankind, when I gazed out the window to look at people in their cars, and to my horror, I spotted the fattest pair of thighs sporting only a pair of underpants, a singlet and the hairy well-worn hand of the driver. Thank God that at the angle I was at I was unable to see the face of this creature, thus sparing me from ever having a relapse of terror when later identifying the assailant in the street. Mind you, it was a very hot day, and who would pass up the chance to drive around semi-naked with what we could only guess would be attached to that arm. I know I wouldn't.

Besides the macabre and singular events that are part of my own personal anguish and nightmares, many experiences are common to all commuters. There is the seat hogger: the person who sits closest to the aisle — you silently pray there will be one too many passengers and he/she will be asked very abruptly to move over. Or, when a person of indistinguishable age gets on the bus, there are no seats left and they stand nearest to your seat. You see the "children must give up their seats to adults" sticker, you also realise that you are sitting in the seat especially reserved for pensioners, so you ask yourself whether you would be considered a child based on your current status of "student". You feel the eyes of every passenger burn you in the back. You leave it too long, and the eternal do-gooder takes the opportunity to do good, leaving you with no option but to feel the scornful glances of fellow passengers and the, now standing, do-gooder. I start wondering sometimes if these do-gooders are hired by the bus companies just to make you feel bad enough to do good next time, or whether they are there just to get the satisfaction of making themselves feel better by making you look bad.

Then there is the passenger you actually know, and hate. You'll do anything to avoid eye contact, but they always find a seat from which they are able to view you through the numerous surrounding reflective surfaces. Or what about when paranoia sets in. You make eye contact with a complete stranger who you instantly take as a pervert or some kind of criminal. Your imagination runs wild, you believe that they are going to get off at your stop. They do. You believe they are going to walk the same way you walk home. They do. You start thinking of survival tactics. You think what innocent object in your bag could be used as a weapon of death. My keys? No, that means that there has to be a struggle to get close enough, and I'm not sure that my one aluminium key and my pathetic strength could even pierce the surface of mud. My deodorant — yeah. I'll spray him in the eyes, pretend that I'm going to steal his money, grab his whole wallet and tell him that I am turning him in to the police. Because my deodorant has temporarily blinded him, he will wander aimlessly, and the police will be able to find him instantly. Then I get my picture on the front of the paper, saying how courageous and fierce I was and then everyone will be scared of me. No one will ever hog a seat from me again, or expect me to give my seat up for them.

—GENEVIEVE POOLE





Innovations Product of the Month

Kegelcisor™ - the pleasurable way to help reduce incontinence

Many women live in fear of urine seepage following a cough, a sneeze or even laughter. The cause of the problem is weakness in the pubococcygeus or PC muscle. When it's healthy, the PC muscle is as taut as a rubber band, snapping closed to prevent urine from escaping and supporting internal organs in their correct places. When elasticity is reduced after childbirth or due to aging there can be problems with bladder control, lower back pain, painful or unsatisfying intercourse and aggravated birth trauma. Some years ago, Kegel developed a series of "squeezing" exercises which strengthened the PC muscle. Now the hygienic, surgical steel Kegelcisor™ makes these exercises easier and more pleasurable to perform. This product could literally change a woman's attitude to life - used correctly for just three months, the Kegelcisor™ can strengthen the PC muscle, assisting in the reduction of Urinary Stress Incontinence, increasing sexual pleasure and giving back confidence and security.

Kegelcisor™ Code KEGE \$119 or \$59.50 x 2 mths

30 DAYS HOME TRIAL



Just 8-10 minutes every other day can assist incontinence and increase sexual pleasure

This month's *Innovations* Catalogue has done the impossible and improved upon past efforts. Never before can I remember seeing a product available quite like "The Kegelcisor™". Billed as making vaginal exercises "easier and more pleasurable to perform" the Kegelcisor™ comes in the polished finished of stainless steel — so don't use it on a chilly morning girls! This author thinks that \$119 is quite a reasonable price to pay for a piece of dildo technology that gives back "confidence and security" as well as being a great root. The three wise men who run *Innovations* must also be given a huge pat on the back for giving women the option of a free home trial after which they may return it — bags unwrapping that special delivery!

Your problems answered:



with Dean and Rob from "The Curiosity Show"

show him you really care.

If that doesn't work you could make an electric gadget that lights up your tits when the guitar plays. For the guitar you will need:

- I old cereal box
- piece of string
- rubber band
- a ruler
- dressing gown cord

Write back and tell us how it went, until then keep on exploring your world. Love, Dean and Rob.

Dear Dean and Rob,

My problem is that all my friends tell me I am an absolute Goddess. However, the guy I really like is in love with a girl who closely resembles a pig.

What should I do?

Upset and Beautiful, ACT

Dear Upset and Beautiful,

We're glad you asked! We too believe that you are indeed a goddess. But if it is a pig he is looking for a pig you must be!

See if you can get your hands on an old egg carton, some pipe cleaners and string. You will need to use scissors and stapler, so best ask mum first before starting.

Once you have permission write back to us and we will provide you with the instructions you need to assemble your pig mask. Until then, **chin up**, Goddess, and keep exploring your world.

Love, Dean and Rob.

Dear Dean and Rob,

My boyfriend is a great bloke, but he is really boring. When we go out it's to the local where he plays the pokies and talks to the lads. When we are alone instead of trying it on he teaches me guitar. I would leave him but he will do anything I say and buys me everything I want.

Bored and confused, ACT

Dear Bored and Confused,

Well we really can empathize, unfortunately not so much with you.

Dean and myself were reminded of our own teen years when we read about the problem you are currently experiencing with your guy. Of course we would quiz girls on pH values and the periodic table when alone, not teach them guitar!!

After putting our heads together we have come up with a solution to your problem. When he suggests teaching guitar — how about you suggest making one? This is sure to win him over and

UNIVERSITY OF CANBERRA

UC Come one, come all!

Are you a stagnating public servant looking to add another useless certificate to your portfolio?

Are you a talentless international student with more money than brains?

Are you a decaying opinionated old fart seeking to dig yourself out of a mid-life crisis?

Well, have we got news for you!

Come and soak in the splendour that is Canberra University, where you'll get the benefit of a Refectory rivalling Braddon take-away in variety, where there's more footy ogres than at Tuggies on a State of Origin Night, and come to the only place where secondary-school educated lecturers are not only scarce, but over-qualified.

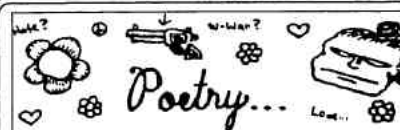
Canberra University has it all! Read what one satisfied customer wrote,

Kanberra Ynivesidy are the bestest Yni in the hol wide world. look wot dey did 4 me!

—Ronny Widmer, Doctor of Education and Head Lecturer at UC

So come and try life the UCAN way, where graduation is not only cheap but inevitable!

Remember... if anyone can do it, then you UCAN do it!



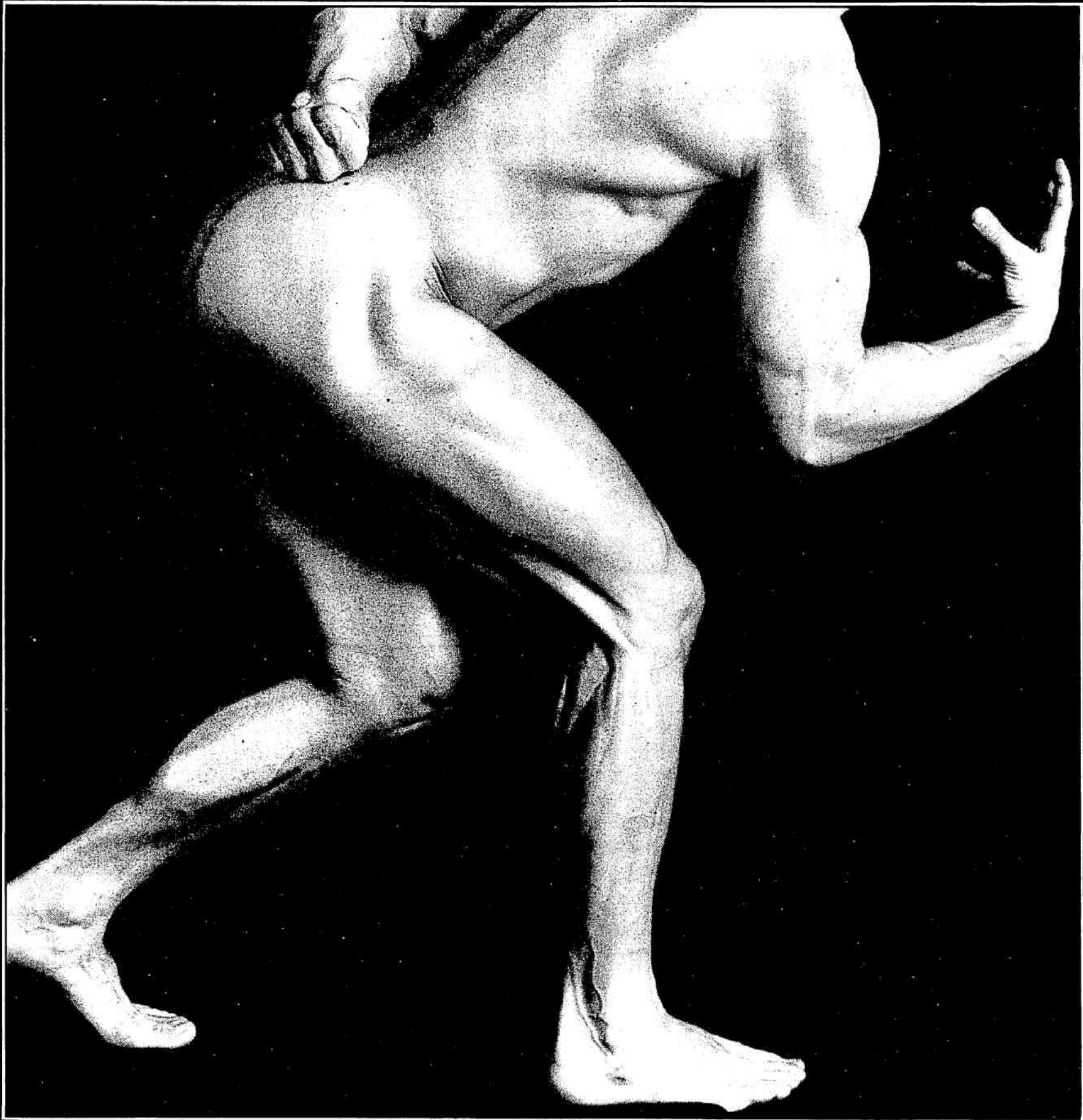
Be Not Afraid...

I see... frowning faces
Lost — in city smog
I cry, on their... behalf
Not afraid to show my inner child —
But why do the boys call me dumb faggot?

Our Earth

Could man ever truly see
Just what will become of the trees?
Grass by the dozen baked like bread
buns...
The ozone effect
It affects us all
Big rich leaders shall weep
When they see the dying sheep
And our earth

art space



haley richardson
untitled
fetish flesh series

LIFESTYLE

Tommy whispers:

travel



(above) Emma sports her stylish USA bomber jacket

Emma does Dallas

Flying out of Canberra airport, cheerfully calling 'Bye Bye Black Mountain Tower' was the beginning of a fabulous summer holiday. Except that it was winter in America. California is, however, renowned for its gorgeous weather, and luckily, our first stop was San Francisco, known for its sensational setting right on the harbour, its gay and hippie community, its free and easy atmosphere, and of course, the Golden Gate Bridge.

Like the true tourists that we were, our first destination was the Bridge (after the mega music store with new releases for only \$10! And walkmans for \$14.95!). The odd thing was, we really couldn't see it, even when we were standing on it. Because the other thing San Francisco is famous for is its fog.

After a week of eating Chinese food and struggling up the hilly streets of San Francisco, we were ready for a change. Before leaving Oz we had bought Amtrak tickets for a very small price which allowed us to travel anywhere in America for a whole month — a way of travelling I'd recommend to anyone. The trains are comfortable and you get to go pretty much anywhere you fancy.

Our first experience of an Amtrak station was unfortunately the only really bad one in the entire country. We were stuck for twelve long hours in Barstow, California, en route to Las Vegas. Now twelve hours in a train station is bound to be a bore at the best of times, but as our trusty *Let's Go USA* informed us, Barstow is the No in Nowhere. The book didn't lie. It was the dustiest, dreariest and most dangerous little place for three inexperienced travellers to get stuck in. After two hours, we caught a taxi to the cinema and whiled away the time with a movie marathon and a nutritious meal at Barstow's one claim to fame, the world's busiest McDonald's.

The twelve hour wait in Barstow was, however, more than made up for by the incredible sight of the lights, fountains, rollercoasters and

palaces of Las Vegas. The place is incredible. Unbelievable. Magnificent. It is America at its most brash, daring and audacious. So ecstatic was I about Las Vegas and America in general at this stage, I actually forked out \$150 dollars for a very conspicuous stars and stripes leather bomber jacket — the brashiest, most quintessentially American, and most frightfully embarrassing and unwearable item of clothing in the world. It spent the rest of the trip at the bottom of my bag, except for one unfortunate day when it was so cold I was glad of anything, and had the great misfortune of being seen in it by two fellow travelling ANU students, who doubtlessly wondered about my sanity.

The Grand Canyon is everything it's cracked up to be, and more. I really can't describe its immensity or magnificence, so I will just say it's well worth a visit.

"The gangs on the side of the street were looking with considerable interest at our lost and worried expressions, not to mention our bumbags"

After visiting the canyon we took a thirty six hour train trip through Texas, which may sound like hell, but a pack of cards and the bar on the train made it pass much faster than we dared hope. Christmas in New Orleans sounded exciting before we arrived and found that not only was everything closed for the holidays, but we were in the most dangerous city in America. Luckily, our friendly Youth Hostel gave us a map with large black crosses (covering three quarters of the city) of where not to go under any circumstances.

If only we'd been given one at our next stop in Miami, we might have avoided what we afterwards referred to as our trip through 'Death Valley'. New Year's Eve in Downtown Miami is probably a great night if you're in the right place — but after taking a wrong turn we wandered into the part of town where ignorant tourists are strongly advised against going. The gangs on the side of the street were

looking with considerable interest at our lost and worried expressions, not to mention our bumbags. Luckily, just like a scene from *Miami Vice*, a cop car roared around the corner and came to our rescue. They didn't even bother to ask if we were lost — it was so obvious — they just told us to get in the back, then whisked us back to safety only a few blocks away. One of the most amazing things about American cities is the incredible difference between one block and the next — in just a couple of minutes you can walk from the richest part of town to the most rundown and dangerous, and scarcely even notice until it's too late.

Fort Lauderdale Florida is the home of the rich and beautiful — superwomen in string bikinis, ironmen in speedos, money and credit cards and aerobics on the beach. It is only worth the time if you have all these credentials. Otherwise, you could do what we did, and play cards by the pool after realising we were far too shabbily dressed and ordinary looking for a night out on the town. It's a humbling experience. But it is conveniently located near the Keys of Florida, where we spent a day snorkelling a coral reef, an unbeatable experience.

And as for the last stop, New York — everything in the world has been said about New York. It is the most talked about, most famous city in the world, so I won't add my two pennies worth except to say you need money to enjoy New York. It being our last stop, after two Broadway musicals early in the week, we were confined to Macca's and wishful trips to the Virgin mega store, listening to all the CDs we could no longer afford.

Flying back over Canberra the 'Hello Black Mountain Tower' was not quite as ecstatic as the goodbyes had been six short weeks ago. America's a fabulous place for a holiday — I'd love to do it all again and more.

—EMMA WOOD

foreign correspondent

Michael Mathieson
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How to speak Or-stray-un

When packing my bags last December to come to the US, the last thing on my mind was the linguistic differences I would encounter here. I knew that there was supposed to be a Texan drawl, and was dimly aware that 'y'all' was used for the second-person plural. In any case, having been raised on a daily diet of *Sesame Street* and later *21 Jump Street*, I hardly felt underprepared for the American Language Experience. However my bubble of smugness was rudely burst on the flight down from Denver to Austin when, after asking the air hostess for a soda water, I was amiably handed a 7-Up instead. The incident revealed to me with a cruel and stark clarity that not only would linguistic differences matter, but also that any problems would lie in making myself understood — not in comprehending the locals.

To begin, there's the issue of accent. The American and Australian accents are, quite literally, an ocean apart. When I first arrived at my college, a fellow resident used to delight in mocking the way I talk. "How to speak Or-STRAY-un," he would chime incessantly, eyes a-glow, endeavoring to affect an Australian accent but ending up with something straight out of east London. I discovered that if I failed to react to his taunts, he would usually desist after about an hour of (what was for him) extremely stimulating entertainment. Last week, seeing him with a packet of gum, I made the mistake of asking him for some "chewie". The unfortunate word had barely left my lips when I realized my error. "Chewie! Ha-ha! How to speak Or-STRAY-un!" His maniacal laughter drove me from the room, ears burning red.

Accordingly, the second problem is expression. It occurred to me later that my friend's reaction was somewhat extreme, given that Paul Hogan introduced certain Australian expressions into America over a decade ago. "I'll throw another shrimp on the barbie for you," he would promise glibly to American tourists, pulling his rugged, leathery face into an ingratiating smile. In this way, Hogan revealed the habit we have, seemingly ingrained in the collective psyche, for shortening words that simply do not need to be shortened: "barbeque" to "barbie", "chewing gum" to "chewie", "afternoon" to "arvo". The habit is surprisingly hard to drop, and such expressions slip out with alarming frequency. Needless to say, they are met with blank bewilderment, or — as in the case of my college friend — hysterical derision.

That is not to say that Americans are totally without their own exotic turns of phrase. Instead of "giving way" to other cars, motorists are sternly commanded by traffic signs to "yield", conjuring up the image of drivers prostrating themselves upon the bitumen before oncoming vehicles, begging for mercy and generally behaving in a pathetically obsequious manner. Another oddity is the greeting, "What's happening?" I was thus addressed early one morning in the college kitchen, and while I stood there, dumfounded, desperately searching for an answer, my interlocuter well and truly moved on. It was only after he left the room that I finally realised that no answer as such was required. Finally, the term "bad-ass" is used by students to describe anything cool, hip, groovy or funky. The problem I have with it is that, no matter how much I practise, it just doesn't work in an Australian accent. Try it out, you'll see.

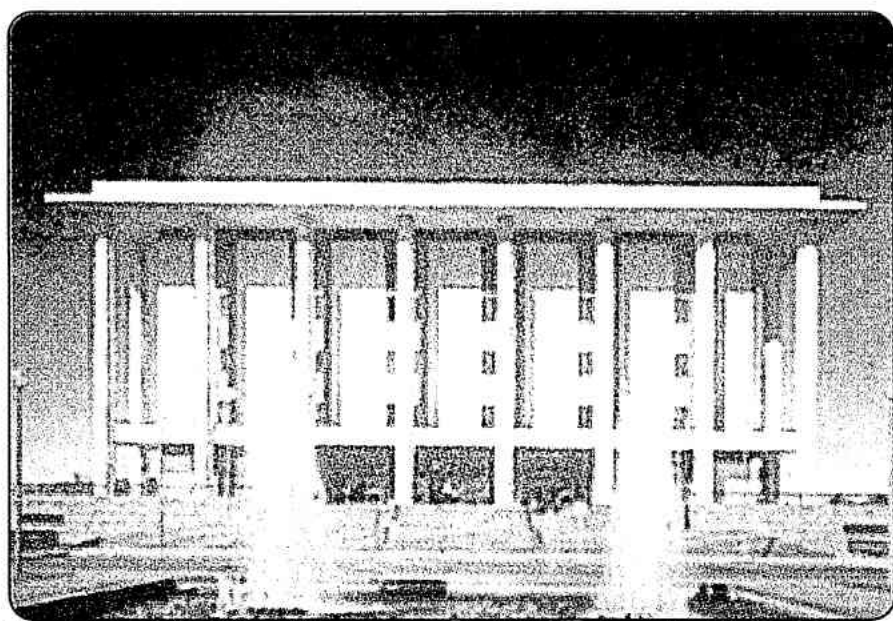
If differences of accent and expression have led the writer to be self-conscious of his language, then American representations of it do little to diminish that self-consciousness. A few weeks ago I went to see the Ice Bats, the local ice hockey team. It was a good match and at half time we went off to get a beer. When we reached the bar area, alas, my happy spirits were crushed, for there was a massive banner emblazoned with huge letters: "Fosters. Australian for Beer." Great, I thought, not only have they chosen to market the very worst Australian beer, but they must also insult my language at the same time. Dismayed yet undefeated, I devised a corresponding advertisement from an Australian perspective: "Marlboro. American for Lung Cancer."

Ultimately, I suppose that despite the difficulties there is a real richness in language when you move to another country. In practical terms, when the other person just doesn't comprehend, I always have the option of affecting a Texas accent. I probably do a worse job of it than my "How to speak Or-STRAY-un" friend does of the Australian accent, but it gets the message across. And after that, the linguistic differences seem no longer to be a nest of difficulties but rather a goldmine of fun. Bitchin'!

—MICHAEL MATHIESON

For more information on the ANU's international exchange program, contact the International Education Office on 249 4643. We would be happy to hear of any ANU students farther afield than the States — call us with any information on 248 7127.

food



(above) A day at the National Library can be made slightly less traumatic with a good cappuccino

There is only one thing worse than finding that you have to study at the Australian National Library (ANL), and that is finding somewhere to eat there. Somewhere, that is, besides the **Brindabella Bistro**, located on the fourth floor of the library complex. The bistro provides the kind of quick-fix snacks that studying at the ANL calls for — chocolate, soft-drinks and I've heard it said that the pork and gravy rolls with chips (\$3.50) are pretty good. Nevertheless, searching for alternative eateries may prove worthwhile.

The most obvious alternative to the Brindabella Bistro is the newly re-named **Southbank Brasserie** on library's ground floor. Despite the fact that the Brasserie has a slightly formal look which doesn't exactly scream 'you are welcome here if you are wearing your favourite study-tracksuit pants,' it is actually quite a relaxed place. The atmosphere provides a pleasant change from the ANL proper and it is possible to sit inside, on the couches, and grab a

quick cup of coffee (\$2.50) some blueberry muffins with King Island cream (\$3.50) or some county scones and double cream (\$3.50). Alternatively, and highly recommended for warmer weather, is the outdoor seating. The views of the lake are beautiful. This is also a great spot to try the generous and reasonably priced lunch menu. Dishes such as the triple decker club of smoked ham, avocado, roma tomato and chicken (\$8) and the eggplant and artichoke lasagne with tomato and basil puree (\$8) made for a filling, fresh and very satisfying meal. The service here is great — unpretentious and super friendly.

Moving outside the confines of the ANL makes the next stop the **Questacon Canteen**. On the plus side — it's air-conditioned. On the down side is the school canteen atmosphere, complete with hundreds or maybe thousands of little kiddies. Besides, you don't really get anything here that you wouldn't get at the bistro.

On the other hand, the **Courtyard Cafe** at the High Court can make for a pleasant change of scenery if you don't mind a five minute walk. The food here is a little more expensive than the places mentioned above. The curried vegetarian parcels with coriander hollandaise (\$9.50) and the Quiche (\$10.50), both of which came with a selection of either salad or vegetables were enjoyable meals. The menu changes daily, which may provide the kind of variety studying at the ANL so often lacks. The cafe also has a small selection of cakes (\$3.50), muffins (\$2) and scones (\$1.50). These should be eaten with one of the eleven coffees offered on the menu. These range from a bottomless cup of filter coffee (\$2.70) to an affragato (\$2.50). The atmosphere at the High Court makes it a pleasant space to while away some of your study time. It is also worth noting that you can use your EFTPOS card to make purchases over \$5 which is handy

eating out

Eating your way out of ANL (re)tension

given that the nearest EFTPOS machine is at Parliament House.

The **National Gallery Brasserie** offers good value for money meals for just about every taste (including vegetarian). There is quite a varied mix of meals which seem to locate the menu somewhere in the middle of a Mediterranean inspired cafe and a basic cafeteria. But this may well be the Brasserie's strong point, where there is no shame involved in a humble pie and chips alongside a rather sumptuous array of antipasto and truly delicious whole smoked trout. Somewhere in between are soups, foccacia, sandwiches and a daily specials menu, with prices ranging from about \$4 to \$13. Cakes and, importantly, good coffee (something necessary but not easy to find in the nearby vicinity of the National Library) are available all day.

Despite the sunny outlook onto the sculpture gardens, the Brasserie occupies a somewhat cold, concrete, waiting room-like space, seemingly designed to shuffle the tourist crowd

through with the utmost efficiency. This is not the place for an intimate tete-a-tete, but not an unpleasant atmosphere either.

The Brasserie is fully licensed, open from 10am to 4.30pm daily, and, from June, gives a 10% student discount, except during major exhibitions.

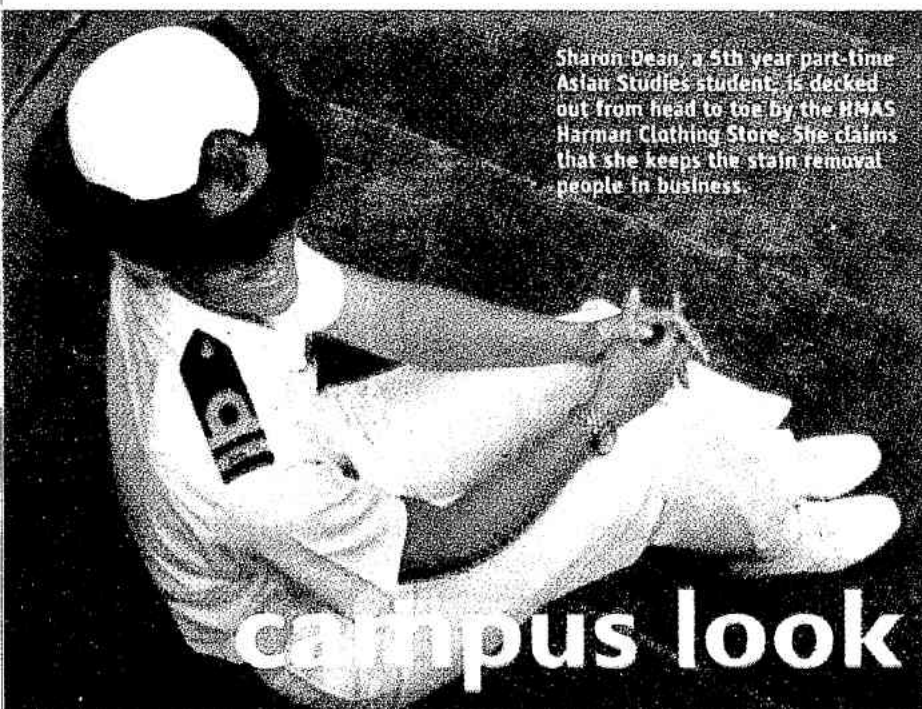
A note on the coffee dilemma. It is actually quite difficult to find a really good cup of coffee at, or around, the ANL. Both the Courtyard Cafe and the Southbank Brasserie make good attempts but that life-saving, study enhancing bean remains an elusive beast. Try the National Gallery Brasserie or take a thermos.

We have not exhausted all the options here. You should also bear in mind the cafes at Old Parliament House and the Rose Gardens opposite. The basic message is to be brave to walk a little farther for better quality food that gives you the feeling of a real break from the ANL.

—VIRGINIA SLOPE & ANNE McNEVIN



(above) If you can afford this dining set, you don't need to read this section



Sharon Dean, a 5th year part-time Asian Studies student, is decked out from head to toe by the HMAS Harman Clothing Store. She claims that she keeps the stain removal people in business.

campus look

eating in

Dinner party on the cheap

A dinner party can do wonders for the soul — but be tough on the wallet. Here is a suggested menu — I've highlighted the ingredients for an easy shopping expedition.

To begin why not whip up some pumpkin soup?

Here's How:

1. Peel and cut up a Japanese or Butternut **pumpkin**. Meanwhile, soften, brown (even slightly burn for extra flavour) some **onions** in a heavyish stock pot.
2. Chuck in the pumpkin pieces and cover with **vegetable** or **chicken stock**. The trick is not to add too much liquid — less is better.
3. Cover and let the pumpkin soften for about half an hour on a medium heat.
4. Either pour the soup to be into a processor and zoom; or do it in the stock pot with a handheld whizzer (be careful of flying hot debris). Serve with **sour cream** and

chives from your garden. Follow the soup with a simple and quick zucchini slice.

Here's How:

1. Brown some **bacon** in a deepish fry pan.
2. Shred **zucchini** (one per person) in processor or in grater by hand.
3. Heat about a dozen **eggs** and let sit.
4. Chop any spare **vegetables** in the fridge (capsicum is good for colour and flavour).
5. Quickly soften the vegies and shredded zucchini with the bacon; then remove the lot into the beaten eggs.
6. Mix and pour into the deep fry pan.
7. Let sit for five minutes without moving, then add some grated **cheese** and pop under the grill to brown and cook through.
8. Add grated cheese to serve and garnish with parsley. Serve with a fresh green garden salad.

To end the whole saga, here is a good dessert that can be prepared before the guests arrive.

Here's How:

1. Peel ripe **pears**, keeping the stalk.
2. Poach them in a deepish saucepan with cup of **water**, two tablespoons of **raw sugar** and a **cinnamon stick** for 15 minutes, covered on a medium heat.
3. Add one cup of **red wine** and simmer, uncovered.
4. Remove pears into deep dish.
5. Reduce the wine, water, sugar and cinnamon to a syrup. You may need to add more sugar, and make sure you remove the cinnamon stick before serving.
6. Pour over the pears and chill. Serve with whipped cream. You could also dribble melted **chocolate** over them. Simple and relatively inexpensive. You too can entertain in style.

buying better

Budget quaffing — wine under ten dollars

There are a lucky few in this world who can quaff Passion Pop or Grange Hermitage and not tell the difference. Lacking this talent, others struggle to find a drop that's cheap and yum — not an easy balance to strike.

Either way, it's not just yourself you have to please. Let's face it, no dinner is free and the price you pay for that enthusiastic invitation is sweating it out in the bottle-o. What to choose? How to choose? As much as rigid guidelines are a wank, to avoid social embarrassment, get it together in the wine-choosing stakes.

The Selection Process we used was overwhelmingly label-focussed. Don't be appalled — viticulturists concur that 90% of wine purchases are made by people guided solely by the pizzazz of the label. How this statistic was arrived at boggles the mind, given no serious wine buff would actually admit to such an inane criterion. But who are we to argue.

Once you get past the label, a general rule of tongue, ha ha, has been white with fish, red with (red) meat. (Where that leaves the lentil eaters of this world is beyond us, quite frankly. Maybe they're the Passion Pop fans.) But what is white and what is red?

A riesling is lightish and often much sweeter than a chardonnay, which in turn may be buttery, with a stronger fragrance and fuller flavour. A slightly sweeter riesling can

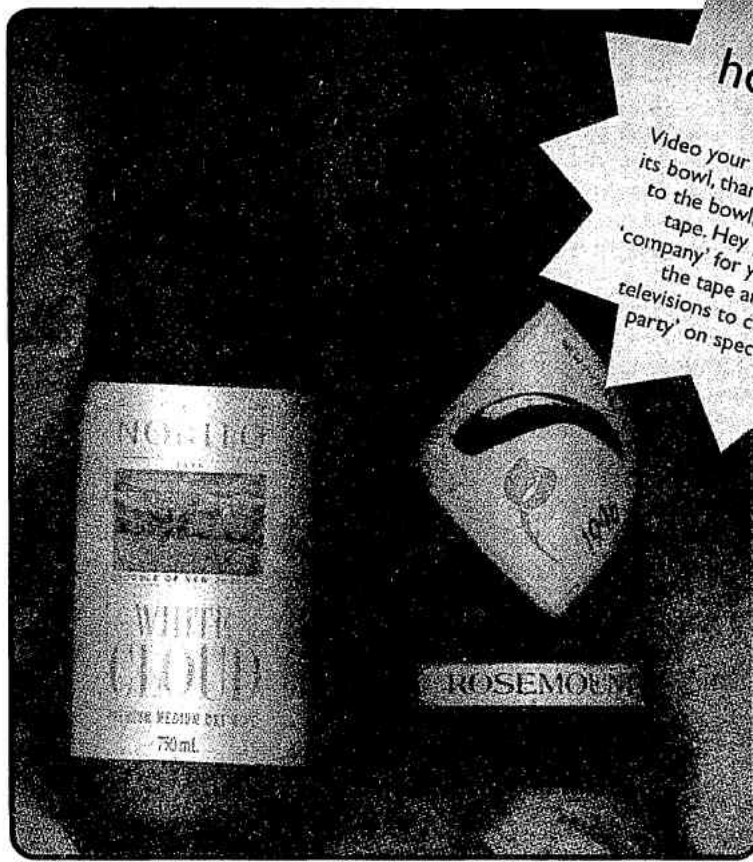
be drunk before dinner, but have a dry anything for later in the evening. Reds can range from shiraz, which tends to be a sharp, young wine, to cabernet sauvignon which, we are assured, is 'rich and full bodied'. Our fave is merlot, the softest, scrummiest red you can get. Reds can be really bad, especially in the under \$10 bracket, so try sticking the bottle in the freezer for a few minutes. Though definitely uncouth it works, if only to blunt the taste.

Specials bins abound in Dickson Woollies' bottleshop and Liquorland Braddon and should definitely be exploited. A word of caution: test the waters before inflicting bargains on your friends. A word of reassurance: it's fun to drink alone.

Yes, wine is fun, wine is sexy, even as the Good Wine Guide goes, the stuff is a world of sensual delight. *Vino* has been described in terms that would make your spirits rise and your palate moisten. It can be young, full bodied, succulent and smooth, silky on the nose while caressing the tongue, languorously revealing itself to the palate before slipping past the tonsils and intoxicating the senses... Of course, instead of drinking yourself into an obscene stupor, you could come to the protest rally in Union Court at 12.30 on 8th May but that's beside the point... Pop the corks, let the wine flow.

—LANA G NADJ AND KATE BOOTH

Wine is fun, wine is sexy; the stuff is a world of sensual delight



handy household hint
Video your goldfish swimming in its bowl, then place a TV set next to the bowl, and play back the tape. Hey presto! Instant 'company' for your fish. Duplicate the tape and use extra televisions to create a 'goldfish party' on special occasions.

(above) Red wine makes even the dodgiest plate of pasta look classy

Woroni

Name	Price	Taste	Goes With
Rosemount Beaujolais 1996	\$8.49	First licoricey, rapidly becoming shoe-polishy — challenging	Nothing sharp and spicy
Kaiser Stuhl Bin 33 Claret	\$4.79	Fermented sour plums, but neutralises the taste of meal	Steak and Bangers
Jacobs Creek Riesling 1996	\$7.95	Sweetish, innocuous	Anything — a safe bet
White Cloud Dry White 1996	\$9.25	Undercurrent of fizz — quite sweet but tart at the end	Thai
Poet's Corner Semillon Sauvignon Blanc Chardonnay	\$9.45	Citrus — grassy	Chicken, squid & other grown up food

legal ease

When your doggie gets bagged



The Fauves sing about dogs being the best people, but sometimes pets can land you in trouble. So to avoid legal trouble, we got the low down from the RSPCA and the ACT Dog Control Unit on your legal obligations when it comes to owning a pet.

The *Animal Welfare Act 1992* safeguards the welfare of all animals. Whether the pet is yours or not, it is an offence to commit any act of cruelty or deliberately inflict pain upon any animal. If the pet is yours, you

have the added responsibility of providing it with adequate food, water, shelter and exercise. You bear the burden of acting reasonably to alleviate your pet's pain and suffering, which might include taking it to the vet. You cannot neglect the animal, nor abandon it without ensuring it is in care, and (surprise, surprise) you, the pet owner, cannot kill the animal in a way that causes it unnecessary pain. When your pet no longer has any quality of life, you should take it to be humanely euthanised by a qualified vet. These offences are regarded as serious and can attract a hefty \$10 000 fine and/or one year's imprisonment.

The RSPCA urges all people considering acquiring a pet to ask themselves the following. Can I look after a pet? Do I have the time to spend with it? Can I afford to take it to a vet for its vaccinations, desexing and other treatment? And most sig-

nificantly, am I prepared to keep my pet, love and cherish it, for the fifteen years or more that it may live? It is a serious responsibility, not to be taken on lightly.

Once you have decided you are ready to settle down with your pet of choice, you should consider whether it needs to be registered. Dogs, for instance, must be registered every year, to allow reunification if the worst occurs — your dog disappears, is involved in an accident, or worse, has broken the law.

Dogs have to be restrained by a leash held by a 'competent person' at all times. If your dog is found roaming free and easy, it will be impounded and if not reclaimed within seven working days, the Dog Control Unit will euthanise it. So, make sure that you have a leash and that your yard is 'escape proof' to avoid a tragic end to a potentially rewarding relationship. In addition,

on the spot fines (\$50-\$75) can be issued by Dog Control Officers who determine that you, the pet owner, have breached the law. Such breaches can include having a dog within prohibited areas (clearly marked by signs); failing to keep the dog under reasonable control; and failing to prevent the dog from making a nuisance of itself by excessive barking or by posing a threat to others when in public (*Animal Nuisance Control Act 1975*).

The obvious pitfall of owning a pet, is the possibility of your pet causing damage to someone else's property or injury to their person. If your dog is found attacking or harassing people, domestic animals, wildlife or livestock, it will be impounded. You can be liable for penalties of up to \$5000, damages for injuries your dog caused, and the cost of keeping the dog in the pound. You might have to face the possibility of the destruction of your dog too.

Recent media attention has focussed on 'dangerous dogs'. Some breeds of dogs are declared dangerous, and you must apply for a special license to keep one. You must provide better fencing, and ensure the dog is muzzled in public places. The same applies to dogs which have been declared dangerous because they have/have threatened to attack a person or another animal and cause serious harm.

Finally, the Dog Control Unit recommends that you have your dog has some obedience training, to make your job as a pet owner a little bit easier.

For more information, contact the RSPCA's ACT Shelter on 2288 4433; or the ACT Dog Control Unit on 207 2424. They can send you a wonderful little booklet called *Doggie dos and don'ts*.

—JANE STRAITTON

CULTURE'S

we've got each



Culture in a Limegreen Catsuit

So you've been through your teen angst phase, and there are scibblings in the margins of your Sylvia Plath anthology. Your raw poetry is ready to hit the streets, and who better to call than the team at *Dreams of a Limegreen Catsuit*. Our own aspiring poet PAUL HARRIS took a look inside the cultural void that is Canberra, and spoke to some of the young punks who are doing something about it.

I think all of us, at one time or another, have referred to Canberra's "culture" disparagingly, regardless of our attachment to the place. Stereotypically, the ACT is seen as something of a cultural void, especially for young people, with little or no opportunity for activity as an artist or an audience. Personally, I get tired of defending Canberra all the time to my inter-state friends, and let's face it, sometimes it's just easier to agree. Anyway, compared to the big cities, it's not like we suffer from

an embarrassment of artistic riches, is it? Well, maybe not, but I'm beginning to realise that we actually do all right here. More and more attention is being paid to the established, I've-got-a-publishing-deal kind of writers that call Canberra home (and rightly so), but there's also a groundswell of young talent which is coming to the fore. Whether it's the poetry, prose, artwork (or anything in between) of your contemporaries that excites you, it can all be found in the new quarterly literary magazine for young writers, called *Dreams of a*

Limegreen Catsuit, which has been produced by four local uni students, Kelly Jones, Evan Douglas, Christian Szabo and Andra Putnis.

If our generation has learned nothing else from punk, we can at least be thankful for its DIY ethos which seems to be alive and well. I'm not trying to imply that the editors of *Dreams of a Limegreen Catsuit* are aiming at an exclusively mohawked audience, far from it, but it seems that most of the stuff that is important, vibrant and just plain good about modern culture stems from a few people who take matters into their own hands in order to

of this new magazine are not buying into the whole hardcore alternative thing, but just doing what they want to do themselves, and with great energy. In fact, they are deliberately trying to avoid getting caught up in

the divide between "indy" culture and the "mainstream", by simply giving young people a forum to say what they want — a forum that is necessarily funny, angry, scared, confident, heart-breaking, brutal, and intimate. In doing this, they have somehow succeeded in providing a link between otherwise isolated bits of literary culture, providing a way for young writers to reach the masses. They are also giving them a

What began as an idea partly arising from the lack of literary magazines eager to publish the products of Canberra Uni's professional writing course, is now aiming at release all over the country, with new contributions apparently coming in at a rate of four a day.

realise a project that is dear to their hearts. As I have already tried to make clear, the editors

chance to get published in what is rapidly becoming a literary magazine of Australia-wide proportions, with distribution spreading to Sydney, Melbourne, Perth and Brisbane.

However, the young writers and artists that *Dreams* features, despite the quality of their work, are not really the main heroes of our story. What's most striking is not only that four people have proved that all this is do-able, but that they have pulled it off with such style. What began as an idea partly arising from the lack of literary magazines eager to publish the products of Canberra Uni's professional writing course, is now aiming at release all over the country, with new contributions apparently coming in at a rate of four a day.

This has



ther and that's a lot • for love — we'll give it a shot • we're half way there •



(above) These two quirky looking girls are probably poets looking for inspiration (Photo by Wendy Wilson from the cover of the first issue *Dreams of a Limegreen Catsuit*)

obviously all been the result of a bunch of bloody hard work on the part of the editors, but it seems to have been worth it. Imagine trying to attract funding, advertising and most importantly, contributors, before you

spite the editors' claims that this was the "dummy run", and that future issues will not feature so many mistakes (I didn't spot them) and that "grungy look", the quality of the magazine is really quite good. If there's

ing and enchanting. It's clear that not every reader will enjoy every work, but that seems to be the point. This magazine is good because it simply provides a link between young writers who would not otherwise be

the magazine is helping make the transition from the world of the young writer to that of the grownup writer a bit more painless. For that alone, the editors deserve credit. As

While there are certain pieces in *Dreams...* that seem a bit teen angsty, there are also those that are both confronting and enchanting. It's clear that not every reader will enjoy every work, but that seems to be the point.

even had an issue out. The general lack of guidance and support that was offered early on is sobering, what with the editors forced to take out a loan to finance the magazine due to the lack of funding assistance, and printers who initially assumed that they could get away with cutting corners because the magazine was by and for young people, and therefore did not need to be of the highest quality.

The end result, however, vindicates all the hard work. What you get for your four dollars is sixty five-odd pages of poems, plays, short stories, art and philosophising, written by young people, chosen and edited collectively by the four person team, and all contained within lovely glossy covers. De-



(above) Three of the four editors of *Dreams of a Limegreen* enjoy the ANU sunshine

any "grunge" to be found in *Dreams*, it's in the content rather than the format. Maybe it's a willingness to expose the dirty underbelly of (young) literature that will set this magazine apart from the majority of "mainstream" literature. While there are certain pieces in *Dreams* that seem a bit teen angsty, there are also those that are both confront-

so widely read, and readers everywhere. It leaves the reader to make up his or her own mind beyond that.

Dreams of a Limegreen Catsuit already seems to have been successful in establishing a role for itself as an important journal for the art of young people. In attempting to link the disparate bits of the literary scene,

tODAy a WHIRLWIND
pASSEs THROUgH yOUR ROSE
GARDEN
aNd yOU AWAKE tO fINd aN
oLd fRIEND
IN yOUR bEd.
yOU'll REMEMBER thIS
mORNING
aS cONFUSING.

if that wasn't enough, they're also promoting performance poetry in Canberra, so you can catch them at poetry nights around town, or at Gorman House on Saturday mornings.

These are people who, instead of whinging about the deadness of Canberra, have done something to make it a bit more alive. As they themselves say, the lack of established cultural institutions here just means you have an open market to target. Check out their magazine (it can be found around town at decent book and record stores), and you will probably be as impressed as me.

reviews

music

★★★

THE EMIGRANT AND THE EXILE

Eric Bogle

Loudspeaker



Eric Bogle has reached the exclusive level of icon in Australian music. He has not just reached this level because he is famous, but of the respect he commands from his peers. His stories come from the rich tapestry of his life, from his Scottish childhood to his adult life as an adopted Australian.

On *The Emigrant and the Exile*, he is joined by fellow expatriate, John Munro. John Munro is an equally fine storyteller who migrated to Australia at around the same time as Eric.

There is a

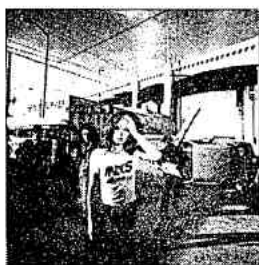
common ground in their stories, so full of Scottish wisdom and sensibility. You don't have to be Scottish to enjoy this album, but it helps. The characters and visuals that are conjured up on this album are from another time and place.

—MARK-LEON THORNE

ELEGANTLY WASTED

INXS

Mercury



Rather than do a review of the new INXS album *Elegantly Wasted*, I have instead decided to give you a transcript of a recording I made of the boys whilst they were making the album this year in Toronto...

"How 'bout this riff Michael!" (boring bullshit riff that would have done Air Supply proud is played by Andrew Farriss).

"Not now Andrew! I'm reading *The Face*, and let me tell you, there are some really horn-inducing examples of post-modern super models in here. In fact Andrew you could do well to find yourself a model who...wait a minute! That's my next line!" Michael closes his baby brows and rubs his crotch. "We're in a crazy crazy world, Can't seem to get no direction, But don't bother me now
Andrew,
'Cause I got an

erection — fuck I'm brilliant." Michael shakes his head softly, his eyes gently closed — overawed by his own power as a lyricist.

At this point the other boys in the band roll their eyes and proceed to churn out possibly the worst album that 1997 has yet to produce — all the while ignoring Michael's requests for more tissues to wipe up the impossibly large pool of cum he has spilt on the floor of a studio — produced whilst looking alternatively at his own reflection in the studio window and his copy of *The Face*.

"Do you think anyone is actually gonna buy this album Tim?"

"I dunno Gary... I think that X is still in the top 40 in Thailand,

but to tell you the truth son, I don't honestly care. I mean every time we do some bullshit album we're guaranteed that people are going to go out and buy our Greatest Hits package just to remind themselves that we did once actually have a couple of decent riffs."

"I don't think I like Michael very much anymore Tim."

"I could see how that might happen Gary."

The boys wince as they watch Michael lick his own spermatozoa of the floor of the studio.

Simple message for young and old — you buy this album = you suck.

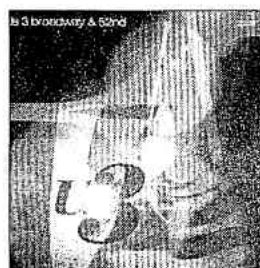
—BRENDAN SHANAHAN

★★★★

BROADWAY AND 52ND

US3

Blue Note



Broadway and 52nd is this band's second offering for the ultra cool, credibility enhancing Blue Note label. Continuing the tradition of luminaries such as Davis, Coltrane and Mingus is an imposing assignment but as Us3 showed with 1994's *Hand On The Torch*, they have the talent, musicianship and maturity to fill a leadership position in the Acid-Jazz world.

Broadway and 52nd, for those of you wondering, marks the street address of the legendary, though now defunct jazz club, Birdland. The sample used on the album's first track reinforces the ties to traditional Jazz that Us3 are keen to underscore, with a recording welcoming patrons to Birdland.

The departure of trumpeter Gerard Presencer, a forceful influence upon the first Us3 album and also contributor to bands such as brand New Heavies, Incognito and Australia's own D.I.G., threatened to leave a void in the Us3 horn section. Thankfully, however, the trumpet position is admirably filled by a host of young players and if anything the musicianship on this album surpasses the first.

Musical highlights abound throughout the fourteen tracks on this album. Caught Up "In A Struggle" combines a rhythmical, repetitive rap style with a strong piano line and beautiful controlled, trumpet solo towards the end. "I'm Thinking About Your Body" features a more organ based sound with a mellow, lacedaisical rap and a killer soprano sax performance from Ed Jones (managing to sound astonishingly similar to Branford Marsalis). For me the most enjoyable track on this album is the delightful "Nowadays", a song which features some of the best trombone playing you could hope to hear.

Overall the standard of this album is high, although it may be hampered by the fact that it does not contain a "radio hit" to match '94's "Cantaloop". But who cares when the music is this good, when the rap

blends perfectly, and when skillful young musicians go to work with samples from greats such as Wayne Shorter and Horace Silver. *Broadway and 52nd* is an album which simultaneously shows us the past, present and future of Jazz. If any criticism is to be made it might be the apparent similarity of sound between this album and its predecessor, an effect which thankfully lessens after repeated exposure. *Broadway and 52nd* comes highly recommended to all hepcats, swingin' sisters and general lovers of high quality music.

—DAN SILKSTONE

★★★

COME FIND YOURSELF

Fun Lovin' Criminals

EMI



The Fun Lovin' Criminals certainly have some fine attributes. Like The Monkees, they've got a band theme song (definitely the best on the album). They prefer to replace the "g" in "ing" with an apostrophe. But at the end of the day, it seems their true legacy will be introducing 'white rap' as the rhyming slang for 'crap'.

Listening to this album gives the listener a perennial feeling of déjà-vu. "Smoke 'Em" ends with a solo which sounds extraordinarily like "I Know What Boys Like", and then "Bombin' The L" kicks in with a riff which bears an eerie likeness to "Smoke on the Water". I wouldn't be surprised if our boys actually ripped off that KFC ad which so resembles them. But blatant theft is not the only of the Fun Lovin' Criminals' crimes. Too many songs are just plain bland. The song "The Fun Lovin' Criminal" promised so much with its funky central riff, cheeky disposition and the unusual combination of acoustic guitar, brass and rap. "Scooby Snacks" (the album's other hit, actually co-written by Quentin Tarantino), "The Grave and the Constant" and "Smoke 'Em" approach the same groove, but generally the later songs on *Come Find Yourself* end up sounding like schmaltzy R'n'B, or very bad attempts at tough rap music. And the "Schmooze Version" of "I Can't get With That" makes you realise that white boys should not even think about getting into Barry White territory.

If they play to their strengths, the Criminals might have something. But from here it looks like their follow-up album might head straight for Nice Price.

—JOHN BREUSCH

★★★★★

LIKE SWIMMING

Morphine

Festival Records

It is good to see that a band can emerge from the slop of popular music with an original sound, and kick arse over the com-



(above) INXS keeping up with the times: waifs in grubby T-Shirts

puters, sorry, bands that infiltrate the Top-40. Unfortunately for bands like Morphine, they generally remain unheard of unless they sell out like Pearl Jam.

Morphine has stuck to their original formula, combining the driving, sultry sounds of the two string slide bass, the swinging, sexy tones of the saxophone, and of course, the never too overpowering drums, to create this new album *Like Swimming*.

This has to be one of the coolest, most liquid albums I have heard in a long time. The fluid tones that emanated from my speakers when I first put this CD on admittedly nearly sent me to sleep (I wonder why they call themselves Morphine?), but the track "French Fries with Pepper", has to be one of the greatest songs I have heard — not necessarily because it is a great song, but because it revolutionized my eating habits at McDonald's for ever. The only song that didn't impress as much was "Early to Bed".

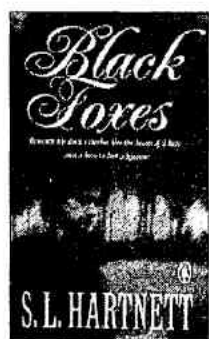
But buy this album. I don't care if your a heavy metal freak, or a techno-head, or if you affiliate yourself with the gangsta image, because if you don't buy the album I'll beat you snotless. The band has matured with age like a good bottle of Wild Turkey. Morphine fans can now worship them even more, and those who don't know of Morphine should start!

—JUM RICHTER

books

★★★

BLACK FOXES
S. L. Hartnett
Penguin
rrp \$14.95



Black Foxes is a disappointing novel from the *enfant terrible* of the Australian young adult literature scene, Sonia Hartnett. Hartnett's earlier novels, *Wilful-Blue* and *Sleeping Dogs* set librarians and teachers at each other's throats in a battle royal as to whether teenagers should be reading such bleak and gritty literature, but *Black Foxes* fails to set the world alight.

The paperback — high gloss black cover with raised gold title — is aimed at a general adult market. Sonia Hartnett of Children's Book Council Award fame has metamorphosed into S. L. Hartnett, writer of schlock historical fiction.

Someone needed to sit down with S. L. and work hard on this novel to navigate the plot and characters around a collection of cliches and loose ends, but obviously

no-one had the time.

It starts out in a promising fashion as a story about two young men of the nineteenth century setting out on a journey to a city, which promises to be journey of the mind as well of the body. Whilst this is cliché #67 in terms of a plot device, it works fairly well. The journey begins and ends and the novel probably should probably have ended with the journey. Instead it meanders on into marriages, second generations and the hero's tawdry doomed love affair with a servant girl.

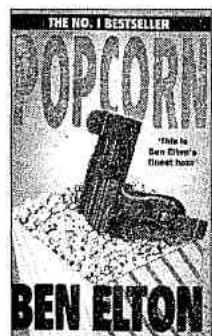
The servant girl saga seems to have been ripped straight from *Jane Eyre*: our brooding byronic hero ("beneath his dark exterior lies the heart of a hero") takes a fancy to a plain, blunt and coincidentally well educated and intelligent serving girl and then she runs away. Unfortunately for them both they lack Mr Rochester and Jane's telepathic skills so they never see each other again. End of story, except that to the publishers of the novel it meant so much more: "Hartnett traces the extraordinary life of a man who voyages to the edges of the heart and there — at last — finds joy."

Read this novel if it's a rainy afternoon and you have nothing better to do, but if you want a dose of what Ms Hartnett is better known for read *Sleeping Dogs* or *Wilful Blue* — at least they're a lot shorter.

—MICHAELA PETERS

★★★★★

POPCORN
Ben Elton
Simon and Schuster
rrp \$12.95



Ben Elton is a very funny writer who has worked in a diverse range of mediums. From cult TV classics (*The Young Ones*, *Blackadder 2,3 and 4*, *Filthy Rich* and *Catlap*), to plays (Gaspung was performed by a local Canberra theatre company earlier this year) to stand-up comedy (he's coming to Canberra on May 13). For this reviewer, however, Elton's novels have been his crowning achievement, *Stark* and *This Other Eden* being two of the funniest novels I've ever read. They're witty, smart, and tremendously appealing, and possess an amazing Hitchhiker like durability that means you can enjoy them again and again.

It was with considerable expectations and perhaps just a little trepidation, then, that I read the new Elton novel, *Popcorn*, that just came out in paperback. Trepidation because, while Elton can be stunningly, cryingly funny, he can also, just occasionally, turn around with work of such astounding mediocrity that you wonder if it can really be the same guy. (Anyone who remembers the ridiculously over-hyped and

massively disappointing *Stark* TV mini-series debacle will know what I mean; *Gridlock*, his second novel, was also pretty ordinary). In this case such concerns were needless: *Popcorn* is a fantastic a satire and thriller which contains a masterful manipulation of tension only hinted at in his earlier work.

Elton's previous novels have all had some sort of environmental concern; *Popcorn*, on the other hand, turns its attentions to Hollywood, and in particular, the effect that film violence has on the people who watch it. The main character, Bruce Delamitri, is an Academy-Award winning director whose ultra-violent (and, incidentally, very, very Tarantino-like) films have allegedly inspired a couple of copycat killers, the "Mall Murderers".

Bruce, who is smart, but a little too cool and cynical for his own good, furiously defends his films as being "mirrors of reality", while denying any causal connection between his films and the actions of the killers. Of course, he must soon reconsider his opinion, when, as the book-jacket says, "fact confronts fiction"; and Bruce finds himself face-to-face with his own real-life Mickey and Mallory.

Popcorn addresses the issue of personal responsibility — of the artist and his audience — and it could have been an over-moralistic, sanctimonious, sludgy mess. Instead, with depth and subtlety, Elton has turned the novel into a clever and thoroughly unpretentious satire which mixes devastatingly bleak humour with a genuine and serious consideration of human responsibility, getting its message across without inhibiting the flow and action of the prose. The *Pulp Fiction* and *Natural Born Killers* references are about as subtle as a good solid kick in the head (or, I suppose, a gold watch up the arse), but whatever your opinion of these films, *Popcorn* is a brilliant, and — dare I say it — thought-provoking read. Well worth finding out.

—TR

★★★★★

BAD GIRLS
Catharine Lumby
Allen & Unwin
rrp \$16.95

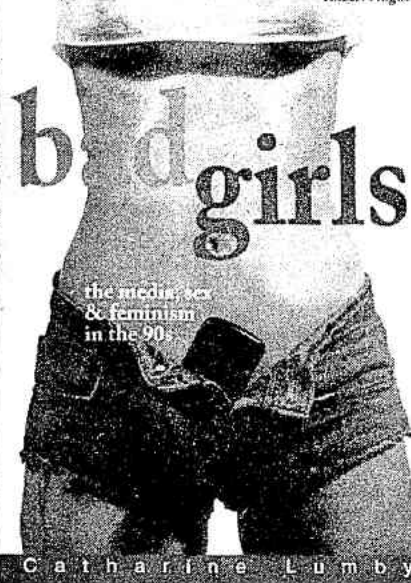
They say that you can never judge a book by its cover, and with the exception of Meg and Mog books, I have found this to be an undeniable fact. That is, until I started reading *Bad Girls*.

The cover of this book — about feminism, the media and sex in this decade — is surprising, especially considering the fact that most feminists would disagree totally with this depiction of the female form. Like the cover, the author has taken a very radical approach to the feminist debate, this book being the very first of its kind to be released in the mainstream press. The book questions and challenges most of the ideals of the feminist movement to date. The result is a logical, sane, and, from a male perspective, much less aggressive argument.

Lumby begins by considering the portrayal of the sexually active woman in the patriarchal dominated media, asking and considering some important questions: Are these por-

"A courageous libertarian with a razor-sharp style, free of jargon and cant. If her generation of Australian writers has produced a more savvy critical mind I don't know its owner."

Robert Hughes



(above) Bad girls run riot in ripped denim in Catherine Lumby's latest.

trays of women in advertising necessarily sexist? Does the up and coming generation (Generation X for all those who like to relegate us to our own historical epoch) of women really think the images are sexist? Do these portrayals influence and create misogynist feelings within the average male? The argument is well researched, colourful, and convincing. I can't really tell you what Lumby's conclusion is — you'll have to read the book — but it is good to know that I, your average male, am no longer the common enemy. We men can pull our heads out of the sand and start to listen without worrying about payback. This book takes the iron tablets out of aggressive, and puts the hair back on our chests without losing touch with the most important thing of all: women will be women, and men will be men (with some exceptions of course...). The only reason this book didn't get a five star review is because it didn't answer the question that has been plaguing men's minds for years: Are tampon ads really necessary?

—JUM RICHTER

films

★★★

ONE FINE DAY
Directed by
Greater Union
Rated

One Fine Day is a vehicle for shameless flirting for the desperately good looking Michelle Pfeiffer and George Clooney, and an extended advertisement for the mobile phone. Pfeiffer and Clooney (Mel and Jack), single career parents with dimpled, long haired offspring both miss the school field trip and are forced to take the kids with them to work.

Mel has to pull off an important meeting with clients, and Jack has to save his journalism career by getting someone to support his story that the Mayor is corrupt. Their children hate each other.

Pfeiffer's stropky and uptight career

woman and Clooney's man who will never grow up spend the day talking and by the way they both save their careers, just in case you were tearing out your hair in concern).

At the point where George and Michelle are finally going in for the big pash, Pfeiffer sets the women's movement back a few years by declaring that she would rather enjoy the moment feeling like a woman rather than a dead Mommy. She rushes off to shave her legs, apply makeup, blowdry her hair and change her clothes. Yawn.

The kids, who by now are like brother and sister, watch in contentment as their respective parents find true love and happiness.

It is all rather cute and not a bad way to spend an afternoon, if you like a romantic comedy. I watched this film alone, all the time thinking that it had a pretty high snog rating, especially when Van Morrison's "Have I told you lately that I love you?" bounced off the cinema walls. Take along your favourite person to get the most out of it.

—MICHAELA PETERS



(above) George Clooney: a puppydog with a big red car

★★★

THE CASTLE

Directed by Rob Stich

Greater Union

Rated

This film was made for under fifty grand, in about twelve days, and it doesn't show. Written and produced by the Frontline people, it is yet another successful step forward by comics that have been part of The

D-Gen, *The Late Show* and, of course, *Frontline*.

The Castle is about the Kerrigans, and their struggle to hold onto what they view as most important in their lives: their house, and the memories it holds. Dale Kerrigan tells the story of his father's fight to keep the home, whilst illustrating a loving family. The family is funny in its serious love of TV ("There's only one thing better than *Hey Hey it's Saturday*, and that's *The Best of Hey Hey it's Saturday*" says Darryl), and is superficially a summary of all that is tasteless in Australia: the mother is well into her Tonia Todman style craft; the father Darryl is an idiot spouting wisdom he believes great; Steve reads the *Trading Post*, obsessively searching for bargains, no matter how useless they are; Dale is just a mindless booner; and Sophie Lees' character truly is the hairdresser.

But beyond their offensive way of life and what they hold dear in it, they are great people. Never mind that they are uneducated simpletons — they are happy, they love their life, and they are too content to let it be taken away because of multi-national power. The Kerrigans, as tasteless as they are, are charming because their simplistic view of life works. They don't need money, they don't care if planes almost hit their house daily, and they don't let anyone try and take it from them.

This film succeeds because it's possible to laugh at the Kerrigans whilst loving them. And thankfully the standard quiriness of families in similar Australian movies isn't even considered. There is no morbid cynicism or dismissive parody, because even though the Kerrigans are a family most people would run a mile from, they are the most decent family in Australia. It is this successful combination which makes *The Castle* a film worth seeing, and gives great promise for the future of the makers of the movie.

—JULIAN HENDERSON

★★★

THE SAINT

Directed by Philip Noyce

Greater Union

Rated M

This is a film about looking at cool sexy stuff as it moves quickly by, before our minds can decide to accept or reject the crap they've just been fed. A film allowing us to see another story about the Bad Mother Fucker who puts everything on the line for love. Don't think that this film is about anything new: it's *Indiana Jones*; it's *Nikita*; it's *Le Samurai*. It's not even *The Saint*: that's just the name it chooses to use.

Val Kilmer's Simon Templar is a crim with a heart of gold, who falls for the similarly cliché ridden beautiful young cold fusion inventing science geek, Dr Emma Russell (Elizabeth Shue). While *The Saint* is a film full of things blowing up, and our hero and his gal are constantly in danger, this film didn't strike me as actually being an action flick. It was much more in the *Indiana Jones* mould; the patented combination of style, secret plans, sex appeal, and smashing shit that entertains every time. Remember the way that Indy could always combine saving the world with defeating the forces of tyranny and evil, and get the girl? It all happens in a

really slick way in *The Saint*, and ends up on a note of carpe diem for today's devil-may-care youth.

The attention paid to the emotions and psychology of the characters gives them a depth which I was surprised by. Imagine a date at the movies. Imagine that a boy who likes action flicks, and a girl who likes romances. Both would like this film, because it treads carefully the border between the two genres, perhaps even falling on the romance side. Given the the date scenario, that's probably the right way for the film to end up. In the end, *The Saint* isn't very substantial, but if you're looking for a good romp, this is the one.

—ADRIAN REGAN

★★★

FIRST STRIKE

Directed by Stanley Tong

Pacific Cinemas

Rated M 15+

First Strike is a beacon for curiosity that begins in the vault of Hong Kong's skyline, slides to the Ukraine and then coasts from Kosciusko to Queensland. Whilst *Rumble in the Bronx*, Jackie Chan's last feature film, struggled with street-gangs from the 1980s, *First Strike* stumbles into the end of the cold war. Plots however have never been strong in Chan's films and the fact that this one is so confusing is a gratifying and humorous relief. *First Strike* is the second Chan film to be made to a western model and this slows down the Hong Kong action tradition. For, where western mainstream films are cheap on constant action, and may have per-scene action budgets, Hong Kong films are based on action sets with plot and script budgets.

First Strike is cleverly filmed with the few action scenes being fast, dangerous and also real. While the ideas of snow-boarding onto air-borne helicopters, swimming in ice encrusted lakes and holding three kung-fu experts at bay with an aluminium ladder are impressive, wrestles with plastic sharks, the use of guns over kung-fu and having koalas on sawn down gums in bedrooms are not. At times the film has such a Warner-Brothers-movie-world type of American ye-ha feel that I thought it was made by the Australian tourist industry to encourage Chinese to visit the Gold Coast.

Jackie Chan's latest effort could be named after the first call in a baseball game and bunts into action thanks to Chan's dare-devil kung-fu mastery and great sense of acrobatic humour. For the uninitiated Jackie Chan film watcher start with *Police Story III* or *Rumble in the Bronx*, for the connoisseur, still too many moments too good to miss.

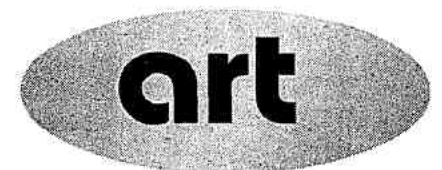
—ROBERT UMPHELBY

bonus giveaway

Jog on into the *Woroni* office sporting your favourite item of Adidas clothing and you could WIN! WIN! WIN! the KORN CD *Life is Peachy*, featuring the single, *A.D.I.D.A.S.* KORN will be appearing at the Uni Bar on May 7th as part of their Australian tour.



(above) Danila Vassilieff *Little Sisters* c. 1938



THE EUROPEANS

National Gallery of Australia

15 March - 9 June

For those of you interested in art and Australian history, it would be worthwhile to make a visit to the National Gallery before the 9th June. The exhibition currently on display is titled *The Europeans*, and deals with the artistic output of émigré (immigrant) artists who arrived in Australia between 1930 and 1960, the majority seeking refuge from the upheaval caused in Europe by WW2. The exhibition covers an unusually broad spectrum of artistic mediums, ranging from textile and furniture design to oil painting and architecture, and therefore has appeal for a similarly broad audience. Such diversity of media is characteristic of European art practice in general, meaning that culturally, for European people, art and life are closely intertwined. The resultant effect for this exhibition of such a life philosophy is that many artists featured in the exhibition work in a variety of mediums, for example Inge King is a sculptor on a large scale, while also a master of the intricate craft of jewellery making.

One may visit this exhibition to get a very different perspective on Oz history than is taught in lectures, although this is sometimes disturbing, especially the imagery derived from long periods of detainment in internment camps. This exhibition provides a new perspective on events in Australian history with which few are familiar, with the bonus of often stunning visuals to heighten the experience. Inevitably you will learn something new — for example, many of you, especially the style-conscious, will be familiar with the name of fashion photographer Helmut Newton, yet not so many would be aware of his time spent in Australia, photographing beautiful Australians, after he escaped the fall of Singapore. Whatever the reason for your visit, you will leave *The Europeans* undeniably impressed by the positive and lasting legacy of European émigré artists presence in Australia.

—KATHERINE RUSSELL

smash hits

album

Freedom of Choice

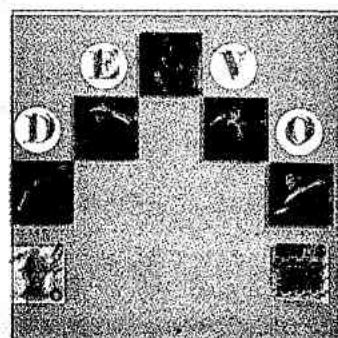
There was a class of albums that kids in primary school knew all about but were too young to have ever bought themselves. So instead they relied on their elder brothers or what their friends sang in order to convince everyone that they too were hip kids with 80s cred: Pink Floyd's "The Wall" was one ("Hey teacher! Leave them kids alone" was what we little lame asses called out every now and again when we were on school excursions and felt really 'out there'.), Mi Sex's "Computer Games" was another, but my all time favourite was Devo's *Freedom of Choice*. It was released in 1980 when I was about four, so I was hardly the new wave hipster I pretended to be, but I could remember the crucial lines "Freedom of choice is what we want, Freedom from choice is what we get!" — actually it's the other way around, but it's something like that.

The second big single was "Whip It", which I thought by singing I was a really big bad arse because it sounded quite kinky even though I had no idea what it was about, and to make matters worse I always used to mix it up with Ian Dury's "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick".

The third single was "Girl U Want". This was the one where I had to finally give up the charade of knowing what I was talking about and attempt to bullshit my way through credibility with some jerky new wave dancing — I suffered the natural consequences of playground humiliation.

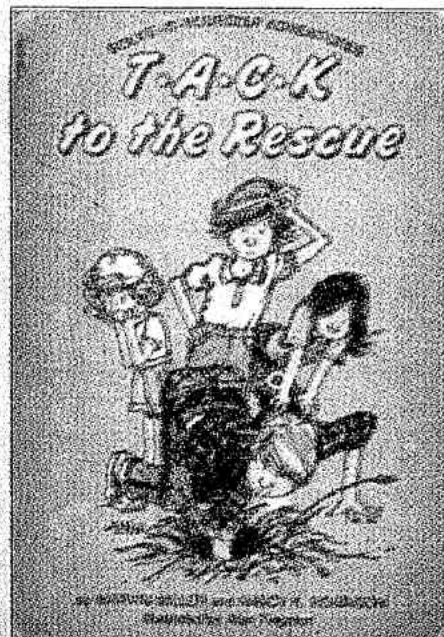
Essentially this album is pretty ordinary, except for those three songs and "Planet Earth", but the overwhelming kooky weirdness of Devo made me feel like I was in on some big 80s joke, and could therefore cut it with the big kids. Like one of those kids who had a really good fingerboards but couldn't skate for shit.

—BRENDAN SHANAHAN



(above) It's still cool to listen to Devo albums like this one

book



(above) The T*A*C*K* books just missed out on a minor role in *Pulp Fiction*

T*A*C*K to the Rescue

During my days at Wannassa Hills Primary School ("The Booner Factory"), there was a catalogue passed around at regular intervals from the Star Book Club, where you could order (nominally) educational books at discount prices. That's where I was exposed to the T*A*C*K* mystery books.

The T*A*C*K* books were, in the tradition of the Encyclopedia Brown books, collections of little mystery short stories that invited you to try and solve the mystery before you turned the page. (Aside: In the screenplay for *Pulp Fiction*, Quentin Tarantino has Vincent Vega admit to Mia Wallace that he's fantasised about being beaten up by a girl, and one of the names he mentions is "the tough kid who usta hang out with Encyclopedia Brown". That's when I knew I wasn't alone in the world.) They were well-written and non-condescending and generally fucking staggering in a literary sense.

T*A*C*K* itself was a bunch of kids in Sandy Harbour (I think it was in New England somewhere) who were the main characters in each of the stories: Toria, the Obligatory Tough Girl; Abby, who had moved away but usually dropped by at least once in each book; Chuck, the dependable kid; and Will, the smart one who usually solved the mystery.

Not that there were many conventional "mysteries": the great thing about the books was that they were plausible. T*A*C*K* weren't the Famous Fucking Five, foiling espionage plots every week, they were believable kids, and a lot of the problems were situations you could see yourself in, like losing a ping-pong ball down a hole, or accidentally throwing a tennis ball into the neighbour's yard with the psycho dog. And when Will outsmarted a tough kid once (in *T*A*C*K* To The Rescue*), he got the shit beaten out of him, just like in real life. Nice touch.

—ROBIN SHORTT

movie

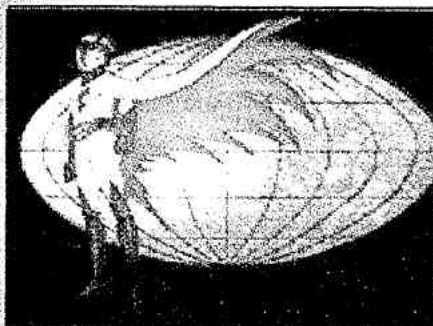
Back to the Future

What was so cool about this movie? Obviously Michael J. Fox's name was a part of its appeal, and time machine stories have always been lapped up by the public, so too mad genius scientists. America loves the fifties and special effects as well. But all of these things can't add up to a cool movie. There has to be more to make a movie appeal to everyone, and this film has it all, making it a teen flick that transcends its genre.

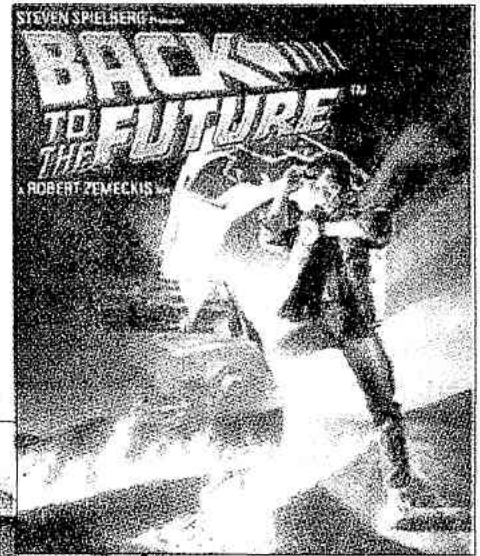
To begin with, Marty plays Heavy Metal guitar with big mother fucker speakers and sunglasses; then he becomes a wicked skater, good enough to attach himself to cars and riiiiide. When he's at school, he's a smart-arse to his impressively bald, and evil of course, headmaster (this man oppressed Marty's father, too, a recurring theme of fantastic teen tales, notably *Teen Wolf*). Then the gun fight happens as the crazed middle-eastern fundamentalist terrorists want the money for the uranium they gave Doc. Time for some special effects, and then the real scenes of mad science begin as a young Doc helps Marty McFly out. Back in the past, Marty's father is a nerd at school, providing the "Kick Me" humour so necessary in the life of a cool American teen. Bad ass Biff gets what he deserves though, and this time doesn't live up to his name. Marty's mother tries to get it on with Marty providing entertainment as she shockingly states "Marty, I'm sixteen, I've parked before". All of this happens as Marty races against the clock to match-make his parents so he won't stop existing, and make it to the town clock in time to harness the power of the lightning and get back, back to the future.

What do we have? A cool electric guitar-playing sunglasses-wearing skating teen; a gun fight; a mad scientist; a time machine; a bully that gets a taste of his own medicine from a nerd (the way it's gotta be); a chick; a nerd getting the chick; a race against the clock; and, let's not forget the climax of the movie, Marty bringing out the best of Eddie Van Halen. Marty's frustration at the unhipness of his parents' generation gets everyone on side. All this with the closing song, "The Power of Love" by Hewey Lewis and the News bring the soul to the party. Finally it's the subtle hint of a sequel that makes *Back to the Future* the coolest movie of the 80s.

—JULIAN HENDERSON



(above) We all love cartoon character heroes with big capes



(above) Michael J. Fox and (left) the Clock Tower both became youth icons

tv show

Battle of the Planets

Oh, for the halcyon days of weekday afternoon cartoons, before "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" came along and fucked it all up. "Mysterious Cities of Gold", "Thundarr the Barbarian". But this show was required viewing, the one that pitted G-Force against lipstick-wearing Zoltar and the Big Purple Head he called "O Luminous One".

Who didn't yearn to be sharpened-boomerang-throwing Mark, or the brooding and intense Jason? (The surefire sign you were the least popular kid on the playground is if you had to play Keyop. Even Princess was preferable to that annoying little "Toot-toot" fuckwit. Your fat friend always got stuck with Tiny, of course.)

Helping out G-Force, we had Zark-7 and Security Chief Anderson (with the Mack Daddy moustache). Zoltar had his army of Faceless Henchmen, the only bad guys ever to sport booner curls and huge bell-bottoms. Every episode also featured the inevitable Really Big Evil Death Juggernaut, spiritual cousin to all the doomed Ro-Beasts in "Voltron". Its designers apparently put more thought into the funky built-in escape pod for Zoltar than into whether the Juggernaut could actually do anything worth a shit. If G-Force couldn't trash it by hopping on each others' shoulders and forming a Whirlwind, they took it out with their invincible Phoenix ship.

Who could forget the plant monsters that ate Princess, or the robot horses? And, of course, the Big Revelation that Zoltar was actually a cross-dresser, or a girl, or whatever, giving a crash course in Gender Identity to a million bewildered ten year old kids. (In "Gatchiman", the original Japanese show, the character was actually twins who were melded into a hermaphrodite. See? That explains it.)

All of this, of course, doesn't answer the Really Big Question — could the Phoenix (in full-on, Fiery Phoenix mode, of course) survive a direct hit from the Argo's Wave Motion Gun from "Star Blazers"?

—ROBIN SHORTT

profile

Breakfast with Betty

For over a year the Australian press has had a field day with speculations as to who will replace Betty Churcher as director of the National Gallery of Australia. Extensive executive searches have failed to produce an heir to the throne of our house of national art treasures, proving beyond a doubt that "Betty Blockbuster" is somewhat of a national treasure herself. Recently KATHERINE RUSSELL spoke to the woman who certainly won't be relegated to the shelf (or should we say the antiquities display case) for a long time yet.

I know of many curatorship graduates who are finding it difficult to break into the public museum industry. How did you go about it yourself?

It was a thing I'd always wanted to do. As soon as I stopped painting, I thought the next best thing would be to work with paintings. But somehow my life led me towards academia rather than museums; and I started as a lecturer and then became senior lecturer, and then a principal lecturer and then a dean, and so it went on. And by that time I thought I'd left it too late, as one usually starts a museum career as an apprentice and moves onwards and upwards. I was just lucky, but it was a very sharp learning curve. **Has the 'art world' changed since your career began?**

Quite enormously. The National Gallery of Queensland (as it was then called) consisted of one person, and a secretary, and someone to help with the framing, and no women as far as I can remember. Also, gallery directors tended to be artists and often they had a studio attached to their offices. When I think now of what my day is, and the way that the whole museum profession has expanded and the demands on a director have grown, there is no way I could paint through the day. Having said that I think my training as a painter has been very useful to me. **You must feel quite unique in the sense that it has proven so difficult to find a suitable candidate to replace you. Do you think this is because you possess a rare combination of creative and institutional experience necessary to be the figurehead of such an institution?**

I'm not sure that it's been so hard. I think this minister has been very careful and I'm really pleased about that. I don't think you find the right person by simply putting an ad in the paper. I do think the task of the art gallery director is becoming more difficult and resources are getting more difficult to come by. The other thing is that the salary is not really commensurate with the responsibility and the hours that you have to put in. If you're trying to attract someone from overseas, this is a senior curator's salary. The position of Canberra is a problem, some Australians even feel Canberra is isolated. I think it's wonderful, and once you get here you find what its value and riches are. **Do you feel that international art institu-**

tions may perceive us as 'antipodean' in regard to scholarship and the art market? It is certainly difficult to maintain a level of excellence and connoisseurship away from the source material. And I understand that, I don't think you can be a connoisseur of anything other than Aboriginal art or Australian art. You can't be a connoisseur of French 18th century art in Australia. The other thing is you have to work so much harder here in a population of 300,000 to make exhibitions work, to get your numbers you have to pedal twice as hard. How have the pressures of a bureaucratic career affected the creative side of your life?

I was an artist, but I stopped painting when I had my first baby, which was simply a decision I made. Although I don't know if I could've kept a full-on painting career going with this job, because painting is something that requires an enormous amount of energy and emotional concentration.

So if you cannot paint, what do you do as an outlet, as a way to relax?

Looking at art. It endlessly enriches my life. When I travel I make sure that I take great gulps of whatever is available and store that up.

It is undeniable that during your term as director of the NGA that a stronger identity has been forged for the institution — how do you believe this was achieved?

One of the first things I did which I think has been groundbreaking was to decide to devise our own exhibitions, not just to receive a package from either a collector or a museum. The first exhibition that was conceived by one of our curators with my support was *Rubens and the Italian Renaissance*. That was bringing art from all sorts of sources, it was Australian scholarship designed for an Australian audience. Since then there has been Surrealism, there has been Turner, using the expertise of our own curators. And this 'home grown' product as it were has attracted attention. The Australian scholarship being noticed through these exhibitions and the success of these exhibitions, these are the things that have put us on the map.

Do you think the change of name from the Australian National Gallery to the National Gallery of Australia cemented the gallery's international reputation?



(above) Mrs Churcher in her office beside one of her favorite works, Arthur Boyd's *Man with a burning book*.

Well I'm jolly glad I did it. I did it for the gallery's 10th birthday in '92 and I thought if you left it any longer it wouldn't work. I wanted to bring us into line with other like institutions overseas.

The advent of blockbuster exhibitions is very closely linked to your directorship of the NGA — do you think the phenomenon of the international blockbuster can continue at the same level after you hand over the reins to a new director?

I think it will, because we've got such talent in the curatorial team. The other thing is, of course, the 'blockbuster', this very term, means it's breaking through into another section of the community, and I think that is most important. You can put on a marvellous exhibition, very esoteric, for your peers, but that doesn't ever reach out to those other people, who may, in turn, become gallery visitors. Or they may bring children, and I'm conscious of that when I see those throngs of people coming in. Because that is essentially what you are trying to do all the time, widen the base of your audience.

Do you feel personally responsible for artworks that are lent to the NGA by other institutions?

I do, and I don't really feel relaxed until they're back on the wall of their home institution.

Which specific works do you see as the cornerstones of the NGA's collection, of both of Australian and international art? *Blue Poles* — certainly. The Brancusi *Birds (in Space)* are probably our most valuable single items. Our post World War II Ameri-

can collection, our post World War II Australian collection, such as the Nolan Ned Kellys. Probably the most significant acquisition I've made has been Arthur Streeton's *Golden Summer* because we didn't have a great icon of that Heidelberg period.

So which artwork is your personal favorite and why?

This one, of course, because I've sat in front of it for so many years now [points to Arthur Boyd's *Man with a burning book*]. I think there is nothing more important than getting to know a work of art with that sort of intimacy. If I could take thing away, with me it would be hard to choose between this Boyd or the Nolan Ned Kelly painting called *The Slip*, of the horse falling down the side of the mountain.

What do you see as your greatest achievements during your term at the Gallery?

Some of the acquisitions. Because to add to the Gallery as funds diminish and the art market goes up and the Australian dollar goes down, is becoming increasingly difficult and to purchase as we have the Juan Gris, the Magritte *The Lovers*, the little Picasso, *Still Life with Mask*, the Goncharova *Peasants Dancing*. The other thing is the exhibitions — to pull that off.

In your opinion, what challenges will the new director of the National Gallery of Australia have to face into the twenty-first century?

The biggest challenge is to keep the collection growing, to keep adding masterpieces. I don't know how he or she is going to do that, because our dollars from government are going down inexorably year by year.

betty churcher

Next issue:

Marlon Brando, the godfather of Hollywood speaks exclusively to *Woroni* about his life as the greatest method actor of all time. We ask the hard-hitting questions about *Apocalypse Now*, *On the Waterfront*, his relationship with Shannon Doherty and the big one: How did you get so fat?

Miss it and miss out.



footnotes

Marxism Strikes Back

Scene: A dimly lit smoke filled room, littered with empty coffee cups, half filled ash trays and other student paraphernalia. Three figures sit, deep in discussion.

Jason: "...so that's how the gynocentric interpretation of *Star Wars* went (see *Woroni* 49/3)"

Adrian: "*The Empire Strikes Back* looks at a completely different range of issues, it really brings out the conflict between two forces, one of good, one of evil, but I don't really see much difference between them."

Adam: "I have to kind of agree on that point with you. If Karl Marx had seen *The Empire Strikes Back* today he would have stroked his goatee put down his copy of *The Socialist* and said 'So it seems that the proletariat has never been free of the galactic bourgeois...'"

Jason: "That's stinks worse than a Wookiee in a garbage compacter Adam, the Rebel forces and the Empire are too black and white to compare. They're ideological absolutes."

Adam: "You better remove that imperial cruiser from your arse if you want this conversation to go some place... The Rebellion is the equivalent of the Marxist Proletariat locked in a constant class struggle against the Empire who are the Capitalist force. The struggle between the worker and the capitalist has been raging in a Galaxy far, far away since a long time ago."

Adrian: "Lets try to keep it above the table, please? You're both wrong. The Empire has one structure, but the Rebellion has an equally hierarchical system dictating the actions of those who fight for them — do you ever see the fighter pilots get to decide the plan of attack? The

truth is that Leia and her cronies are just in it for themselves. They don't care about the soldiers any more than the Emperor or Vader. They blew up Leia's planet in *Star Wars*, and now she wants a galaxy."

Jason: "Who cross-wired your microchips, C3-PO? You Arts student theoretical wankers deserve all the Taun-



taun entrails that everyone heaps on you. Empire is a classic battle between Good and Evil with a bit of Greek tragedy and incestuous relations thrown in to stretch it into a trilogy. Leia snogs Luke then falls for Captain Han 'dick-in-boots' Solo before he gets frozen in carbonite.

Then to make sure you buy tickets for *Jedi*, Vader reveals Luke to be his star crossed love child! You boys can fly your interpretation through an asteroid belt and parallel park it in the belly of a space beast."

Adam: "I didn't know that Jabba the Hutt donated sperm to your mother in 1973, Jason the Hutt! Vader doesn't see Luke as his son, he sees Luke as a commodity. As the Emperor says '...he'll make a great asset to the Empire.' Vader then tells Luke that he's his father to turn him around to the dark side of the force, the capitalist belief. However, Luke remains true to his agrarian past and rejoins the struggle against the Empire at the end of the film, bearing the physical and psychological scars of his personal struggle against his conflicting capitalist background. To emphasise my point, Han Solo is also commodified in Empire, when he's frozen in carbonite Boba Fett says, "He's not any good to me dead!" Han Solo is the epitome of the struggle against capitalism, he used to be capitalist smuggler living off the underbelly of the Empire, but despite his desperate need for materialist wealth, he cannot abandon the Rebellion and its cause."

Adrian: "I'm sick of this. The whole idea of good winning over evil, whether it's just plain Good, or Marxist Good, is fucked. The Rebels and the Empire are just in it for personal gain. You boys can keep your lightsabers duelling, but I'm getting in my X-wing and getting out of here."

Adrian leaves the room in a sulk.

Jason: "Shall we watch *Jedi* tomorrow?"

—ADAM SOMES, ADRIAN REGAN & JASON RICHARDSON

classifieds

Accommodation information on the World Wide Web: University Accommodation Services maintains a list of accommodation wanted and available on the WWW: <http://www.anu.edu.au/admin/housing/accom.html>.

Wanted: Internet volunteers - journalists, teachers, reporters, web designers, data entry operators and many more. Gain valuable skills and experience through the Canberra Volunteer Community Internet Service. Call the Internet Business Association now on 2871115 or 2489447.

Wanted: 2 people to accompany 3 others on an expedition through the Northern Territory. \$1,450 pp (all inclusive). Contact Niculin ASAP on 2490021 or 2798299.

For rent: fully self-contained bedsitter, \$80 pw, Flynn. Phone 2586252.

For rent: Braddon, \$70pw + bond. Suit friendly, non-smoking,

relaxed, music-loving person. Call 2498842.

For rent: room in shared house with two others, in O'connor. Close to CSIRO and ANU. \$60pw + bond/expenses. Available 28th April. Phone Malcolm: 2465349 (w) or 2487632 (h).

For sale: single bed with mattress \$50, Pierre Cardin stylist wristwatch (new) \$70, multi sized battery charger, \$40, car roof-rack (Fits any car) \$36. Tel:2470397.

For sale: Corolla SECA 1985, 5 speeds, exc. cond., A/C, \$5,000 (o.n.o). Ladies bike, 3 speed with rear basket, lock and helmet, \$70. Tennis racket, Wilson Graphite Kevlar Pro Staff Classic 6.1si, 4 3/8, exc. cod., \$150. Squash racket, Wilson Tempest, good for beginner, \$30. Badminton racket, Yonex Aerotu 44, \$50. Call 0412-184-619.

Computer: IPC notebook, only \$1,095. 486DX2 60 Mhz, 8Mbyte

RAM, 327 Mbyte hard disc. Either phone 2315690 or email: cfenwick@ozemail.com.au.

For sale: Ladies bicycle, Ricardo, 12 speed, 27" \$60 ono. Bicycle child seat \$10. Bookshelves 182cm x 95cm. Apple Macintosh computer, external hard drive \$100 ono. Phone 2958084.

Available: Italian male. Reliable, strong, for any job. Please contact Fabrizio Carner, ph: 2470716.

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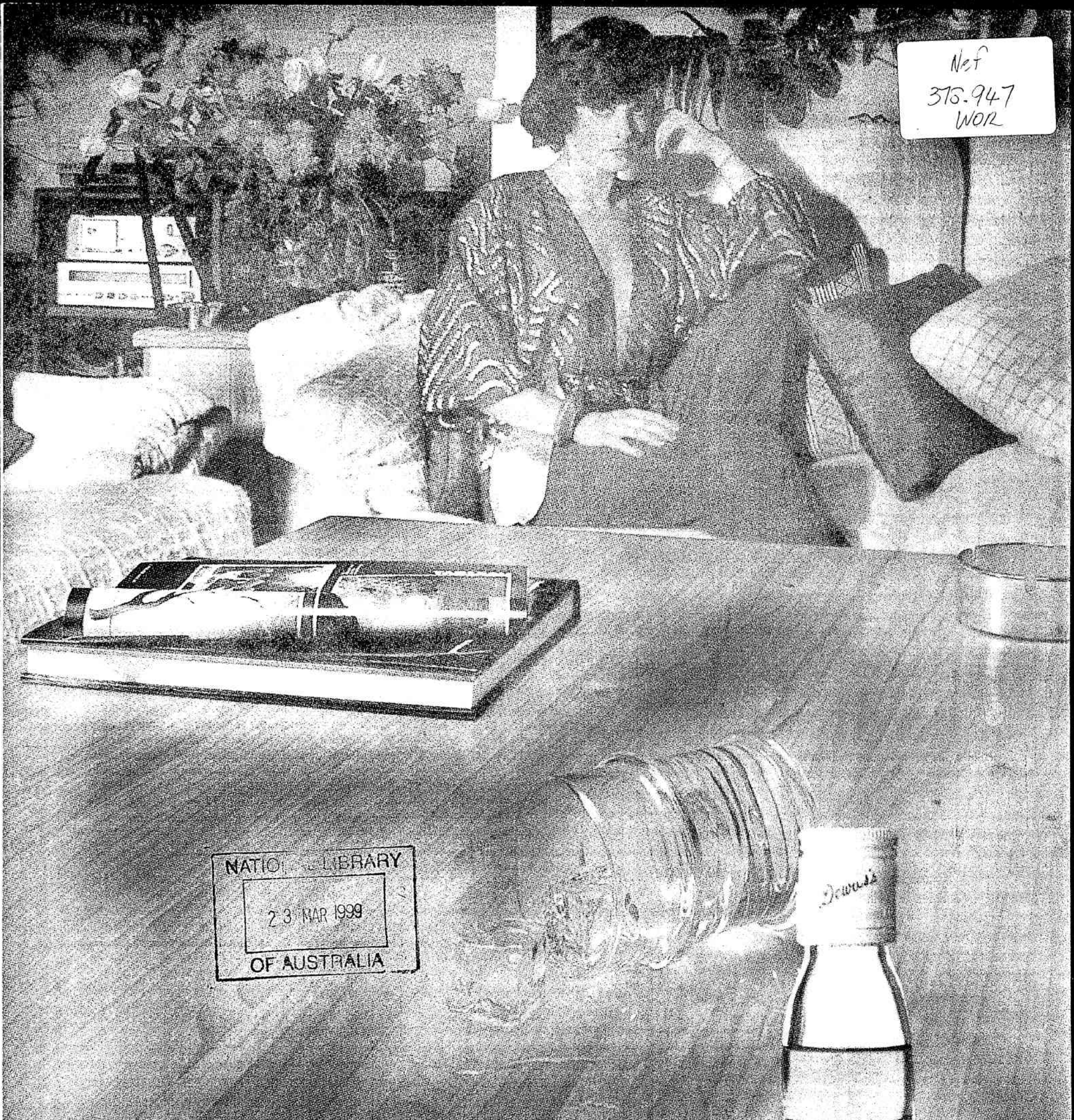
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I was looking forward
to the rest of the evening
just as much as he was -
and then I served him
mere Scotch
instead of

